



THE

Tatler

SUMMER FASHION *number*

& Bystander 2s. weekly 4 May 1960

LONDON NOTEBOOK

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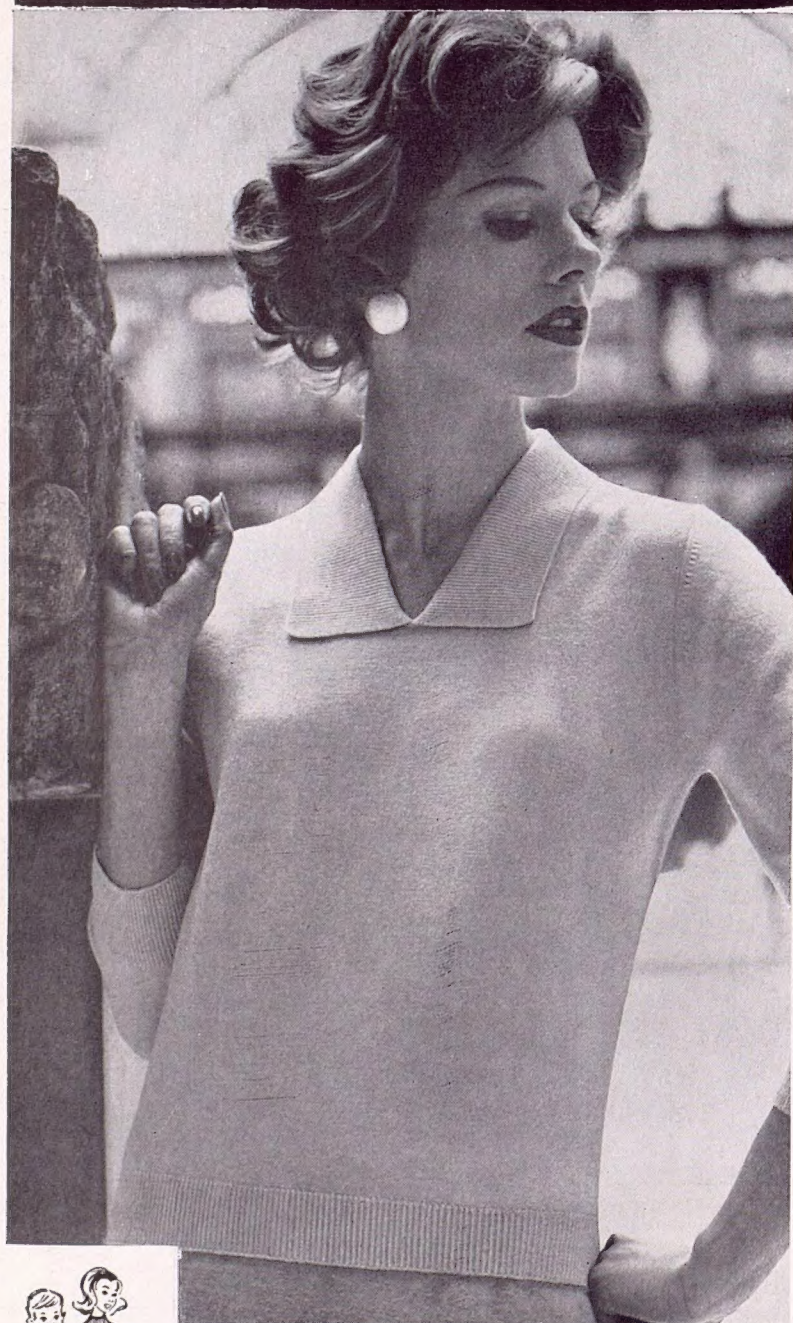
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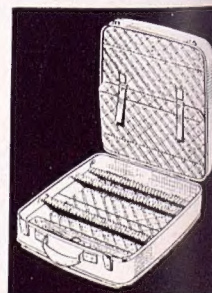
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Summer Fashion Number

Volume CCXXXVI Number 3062

4 MAY 1960

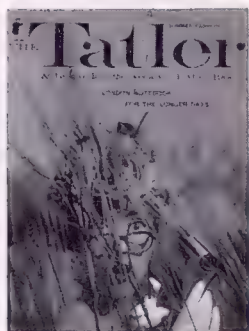
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CORN—BUT NOT THE SQUARE KIND



The corn may be green at this time of the year but the world of fashion never was one for taking too much notice of nature. The girl's hat (from Jenny Fischer) is about the right size for Friday's wedding. For what's in her notebook see page 256 and onwards. Corn (real) and cornflower (artificial) from Natural Fern Display Ltd. of 72 Monmouth St., W.C.2—who have a vast range of plastic flowers. Cover photograph by COLIN SHERBORNE

YOU CAN almost sniff the hay in this issue, but that's what May can do to a magazine. Corn on the cover, beasts and fields in the fashion pages (*Stayers for the Longer Days*, page 260 onwards), and Christian Fairfax poking her camera around *Where the corn is gold* (page 274). Incidentally, this last is about a Corn Exchange. . . . The younger set will probably find corn even in *The '30s*, an illustrated warning by Haro (page 257), but it's they who'll be the squares if they don't watch out, because it looks as though there's a '30s revival coming. . . . And talking about squares, is there any other country in the world that would put up with a banknote like the new £1, or an office building like the St. Martin's atrocity from leading men in their profession? These are the sort that *The Observer* (in an inexplicable lapse) suggested should form a committee to vet designs for important architecture. Just where that would get us can be glimpsed in *Establishment Art* (page 272). . . .

The Badminton festival of the horse (as the Three-day Event has been described) is photographed (page 249 onwards) by Tom Hustler and reported by Muriel Bowen. In the last month Muriel Bowen has completed 52 weeks of social reporting for *The Tatler* and in that time she has covered events in no fewer than 32 counties of the British Isles, not counting London. She has also visited and sent reports from five countries overseas. . . . Another traveller is Hector Bolitho, who believes in taking it slow. He spun out a trip home from Innsbruck to eight days, working on the principle that the only interesting way to travel is a *Broken Journey* (page 279). . . . Not that he could apply that method in a place like *Martinique, island of summer* which is photographed in festival mood by Denise Colomb (page 276).

Next week:

ROYAL WEDDING SOUVENIR NUMBER . . . a memorable record of Princess Margaret's wedding, with pictures and report from the Abbey, and colour plates of the royal couple. Make sure of a copy by ordering from W. H. Smith's, Wyman's or any local newsagent.



This is Lord Sudeley, one of the seven peers in *The 21 Club* in the issue of 6 April. Those of his friends who may have been puzzled by the picture that accompanied the text had good cause to be—and so had friends of Lord Sudley, whose picture it was in fact. Far from joining the 21 club this year, Viscount Sudley came of age last year, and is the elder son of the Earl of Arran. Apologies for this confusion to all concerned.



Going Places

SOCIAL EVENTS

Arundel Castle Ball, 6 May, in aid of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. Tickets: Secty., 19 North St., Horsham.

Spring Fair, Holland Park, W.8, 11 & 12 May, 11 a.m. to 7.30 p.m., in aid of Royal College of Nursing.

Royal Caledonian Ball, Grosvenor House, 16 May, for Scottish charities. Tickets: £3 15s. or £2 15s. (without dinner), Ball Secty., Grosvenor House, Park Lane, W.1.

England Ball, Grosvenor House, 17 May, in aid of Council for Preservation of Rural England. Tickets: 2½ gns. from Mrs. G. Langley-Taylor, 38 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7.

Charity Performance of "Ross," with Alec Guinness, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, 18 May, in aid of Family Welfare Association. Tickets: F.W.A., 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: Worcestershire v. South Africans, Worcester. To 6 May. Surrey v. Northants & Worcestershire, the Oval. 7-13 May.

Golf: Dunlop Tournament, Gleneagles Hotel, 5-7 May; Nairn Golf Week, 9-14 May.

Flying: Channel Islands Air Rally, Jersey, 13 May.

Yachting: R.O.R.C. race, Southsea

—Cherbourg; Lyme Bay—Southsea, 6 May.

Royal Dublin Spring Show, Ballsbridge, to 6 May.

Royal Windsor Horse Show, Home Park, Windsor, 12-14 May.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *La Traviata*, 7.30 p.m., tonight & 14 May. (cov. 1066.)

Sadler's Wells. *Orpheus In The Underworld* (Offenbach). Four week season from 16 May. 7.30 p.m., Saturdays 2.30 p.m. (TER. 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Inaugural concert of the **John Ireland Music Society**, 8.15 p.m., tonight. **Dance Musicians' Convention** (lecture-demonstration by David Gornston, of New York), 3 p.m., 7 May. **London Mozart Players**, piano soloist Rudolf Firkusny, 8 p.m., 9 May. (WAT. 3191.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly. To 14 August.

Modern French Tapestries, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 10 May.

Hellmuth Weissenborn (pastels & drawings), Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville Street, W.1.

Paintings by the Duchess of Leeds, Wilton Gallery, Motcomb Street, S.W.1, starts 12 May.

FRENCH SEASON EVENTS

French Elegance Exhibition, Park Lane House. To 6 May.

"La Ronde Des Heures," *son et lumière* spectacle of the life of Paris, Royal Exchange, 10-20 May. **French Contemporary Film Season.** National Film Theatre, South Bank. 6.15 & 8.30 p.m. To 8 May.

FIRST NIGHTS

Pitlochry Festival. *Katherine & Petruchio*, and *The Dark Lady Of The Sonnets*. 7 May.

Theatre Royal, Windsor. *Handful Of Tansy*. 9 May.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see p. 281.

The Wrong Side Of The Park. "... an arresting piece of drama

that rings true. . . ." Margaret Leighton, Richard Johnson, Charles Heslop. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM. 6056.)

Make Me An Offer. "... the story has a narrative tension that is rare in an English musical. . . ." Daniel Massey, Diana Coupland, Dilys Laye, Meier Tzelniker. (New Theatre, TEM. 3878.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 282.

G.R. = General Release

The League Of Gentlemen. "... this film will leave you gasping with admiration." Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick, Roger Livesey. G.R.

Come Back Africa. "... a disturbing and moving piece of work. . . ." (International Film Theatre, W.2.)



Erich Auerbach
Harry Blech conducts his London Mozart Players in a Haydn-Mozart concert at the Royal Festival Hall on 9 May

Grand tour for gourmets

by DOONE BEAL

I AM not going to attempt to list Europe's great restaurants; but for those who become bewildered by the number and variety of restaurants in most big cities, I offer my own short list for the traveller.

Let's make a start with **Athens**—where all too many people seem to think that one cannot eat well. The grillroom of the new King's Palace Hotel offers a pretty high standard of international food as well as Greek specialities, and also offers some excellent Greek wines, *un-resinated*. Bacchus, in Plaka, is one of the most attractive *tavernas*, and you can dine on the open roof in summer looking over the lights of the city. Adams, in Makrygianni Street, is by way of being a theatre restaurant, where you dine late. In search of a good,

rough *taverna* evening in Piraeus, head for Vassilena, on the corner of Aitolika and Vitolion. It has not seen a lick of paint in 10 years, and in spite of the patronage from the Duchess of Kent, Fredric March and other visiting firemen and women, it is full of locals and has kept its *taverna* character. Finally, my own favourite, a little garden restaurant in an arcade just off Stadium Street in the centre of Athens, called Kalamia. It has some of the best food in the city.

In **Rome**, the two Hostaria Romane restaurants (one on Via Lucullo, and the other on Via Sallustiana) are deservedly famous. The *cuisine* is Tuscan, the atmosphere convivial but not *luxe*. The Hostarias are patronized by celebrities and plain, honest gourmets as

well. Fontanella, in the Piazza Borghese, also Tuscan, has excellent game and is best for lunch. Under the heading of cheap but notable *trattoria* are Othello, in Via della Croce (with a vine-roofed patio), and Passeto, in Via Zanardelli.

In **Venice**, Columba now rivals the more famous Fenice restaurant. Both are close to the theatre, as is the elegant Antico Martini, which has a night club attached. Otherwise, some of the richest finds are in the Rialto area: Peoceto Resorto, just through the market on the south side of the bridge, has notable shellfish hors d'oeuvres and also game. Facing the canal, just by the bridge, is Madonna; and on the San Marco side of the bridge is Graspada Ua, which is large, crowded, and excellent.

In **Florence**, Sabatini, on Via Panzani, has a menu almost the size of this magazine, and is very popular with Florentines. Buca Lapi, on Via del Trebbio, and Buca San Giovanni, in Piazza Giovanni, are both excellent on

a slightly more modest scale.

In **Madrid**, there are numerous good restaurants and apart from the top three—Jockey, Horcha and the Commodore—they remain amazingly cheap by London standards. El Pulpito, built into the old walls of Madrid, by Plaza Mayor, has atmosphere and good shellfish. Botin, nearby, is excellent value and specializes in lamb and sucking pig. In **Malaga**, the Alegria, on Marin Garcia 18, is a delightful, old-fashioned tavern with excellent food. And in **Seville**, you'll not find better marrow steak than in the grillroom of the Cristina Hotel.

In **Lisbon**, I much enjoyed Floresta, a large, tall fish restaurant across the Tagus, looking over the water to old Lisbon. Near Estoril at Sintra, the Seteais Palace has one of the loveliest dining-rooms in Europe, with a view over the hills to match, and good food.

The Binnenhofje in **Amsterdam** is less touristy than its companion, the Five Flies. Both have first class

CONTINUED ON PAGE 246

from
Vienna



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GOING PLACES *continued*

food. Dyckers & Thyjs, looking over a canal, is excellent for lunch. Saur at **The Hague** is expensive but wonderful for fish; La Pizza, amusing for late dining and Tampat Senang the best of the Indonesian.

In Scandinavia, one eats as well as anywhere outside France, and, so far as the superb fresh salmon and trout are concerned, better. In **Stockholm**, Riche bears comparison with Europe's best, either in the conventional dining-room or in the attractive Teatregrillen. Also excellent, under the same management, is Stallmastargården, just outside the city. Lastly, among stiff competition, I list the Maritime Grill which belongs to the Strand Hotel. There is a lovely view over the water, and shellfish pancakes to write home about.

I loved the seventh floor Codan

restaurant in **Copenhagen**, looking over Nyhavn and the docks. Excellent for fish, and in one of the prettiest parts of the city, is Fiskhuset, just by the fish market. And if you have a nostalgia for London's Café Royal as it used to be, try the Café Stefan Aporta, on Kongens Nytorv.

In **Oslo**, La Belle Sole, Drammersveien 42, has French cuisine; Blom in Karl Johansgate, is large, but atmospheric. In **Bergen**, I liked the Bellevue, perched half way up the hillside with a glorious sight of the city, and delicious food—again, especially salmon and salmon trout. In Bergen itself, the grillroom of the Orion Hotel is impressive, too.

I have omitted France as too big a chapter, but in a future article, I shall list some good stopping places on the main north/south roads.



by JOHN BAKER WHITE

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Connaught Hotel, Carlos Place, W.1. (GRO 7070.) Restaurant open Sundays. Grillroom closed Sundays. The clientele have a profound understanding of good food and fine wines. The cooking is excellent, the cellar outstanding with matching service. The dark-panelled restaurant is traditional, making no dubious concessions to modernity. The grillroom is the right place to take a pretty woman in her forties. It makes her look, and feel, her best. W.B.

Nick's Diner, 88 Ifield Road (between the Fulham and Old Brompton roads), S.W.10. (FLA 0930.) Open 7.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m. C.S. The nearest thing I have found in London to a real *bistro*. Young Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Clarke have gone all out to provide good food for other young people at moderate prices. There are no frills. The menu is on a blackboard and includes home-made *pâté*, omelettes, *steak au poivre* or sausages and mash. It's completely democratic. Young men in the City, with their girl friends and wives, sit down with the local boys and girls and enjoy one another's company. Take your own bottle.

Strangers in France...

For the thousands of Britons who will be driving across or staying in

France this summer, I shall give each week the name of a restaurant or hotel, near or on a main road. Well worth the stop is Le Touquet's—**L'Escale** (Airport Restaurant). Michelin gives it one rosette. Its proprietor, *maître chef* Lucien Brule, was the 1959 winner of the international chef's "Oscar"—the Challenge Culinaire International gold cup. In my opinion it has by far the best food in Le Touquet, and nothing like the most expensive.

... or in London

Provincial and overseas visitors to London for whom the city's restaurants and eating places are unknown territory will profit from reading **Egon Ronay Recommends** (Egon Ronay, Ltd., 4s. 6d.). Mr. Ronay, who has been a *patissier* and restaurateur as well as journalist, describes the establishments, their special dishes, times of opening and closing and approximate cost per head. There are some puzzling omissions but I am glad we are in agreement over which is the worst of London's expensive restaurants. For those interested in Pakistani there is **The Art of Pakistani Food** issued by Pakistan International Air Lines. It details a number of recipes, most of which could be worked out in the ordinary British kitchen.

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THE TATLER & BYSTANDER
4 MAY 1960

The biggest Badminton

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HUSTLER
& REPORTED BY MURIEL BOWEN



The Royal party watches (and Mr. Armstrong-Jones photographs) J. W. Kelly going over Adlai's head at Quarry fence





Miss Mary Wallace, the only American competing, at the start of the Cross-Country



Jane and John Kidd, Lord Beaverbrook's grandchildren, who are both keen show jumpers

Muriel Bowen reports

THOUGH Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones could never be described as "horsey" even in his most county-looking of tweed suits, he came into his own at the Badminton Horse Trials. The Queen and most of her family carried cameras—but he was the one expert among them. I watched him on the various haycarts parked round the grounds and used as Royal Boxes on the second day. Whenever a quick decision was called for on lighting, timing, or other photographic know-how he was the one to whom the Royal Family turned for advice. The result must surely be their best Badminton photographs yet.

The Queen and her family, The Queen Mother (Gipsy Love, once her racehorse, was competing) and The Princess Royal were at Badminton House staying with the Duke & Duchess of Beaufort. To the delight of the horse fraternity, Badminton has now become such an enjoyable annual outing for the Royal Family that even the less horsey ones don't stay away. Prince Philip watched the dressage for over an hour before taking off by helicopter to fulfil another engagement. The Prince of Wales followed the horses each day, but the white speedboat on the lake seemed more his metier. He took it on several circuits of the lake turning the boat at 20-miles-an-hour within its own length.

The Australians, fourth to Britain in the last Olympics, were the stars of the three days.



Mr. Struan McKinnon and debutante Miss Min Musker



Mrs. Guy Stanton and her daughter Miss Virginia Fass

Mrs. Alan Phillpotts & Mrs. Guy Stanton gave
A party at the Turf Club
for their débutante daughters
Nancy Phillpotts & Virginia Fass

PHOTOS: TONY H. CLIP

"They're in the world-beating class now," said Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon, British team captain. "After the Games they told us, 'we'll give you a run for your money next time,' and that's precisely what they're going to do." I talked to Mr. William Roycroft, who won the Great Badminton Championship on his diminutive Australian horse Our Solo. Mr. Roycroft is a farmer, 6 ft. 2 in.—but he looks more because of his rangy slimness. "We'd worked hard but we didn't expect anything like this," he said of the team's horses, placed first, second, and fourth. "They'll be thrilled back in Australia. They've raised £25,000 to send us over for the Olympic Games."

This sum, I should mention, is substantially





Miss Amanda Vincent, daughter of Sir Lacey & Lady Vincent, Miss June Marham-Townshend, daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Marham-Townshend & Mrs. John Clarke, and Miss Sally Raphael, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Raphael



Capt. Arnold Wills (left) came on to the Turf Club from the wedding of his granddaughter, Miss Susan Wills (pictures on page 254), as did his grandson, Mr. Andrew Wills (centre). They are here talking with Mrs. Guy Stanton

larger than anything ever raised in this country for sending a British team abroad.

The showing of our best riders and horses among Olympic possibles was disappointing. Still, if horses like Frigorifico and Fulmer Folly become available to our best riders for pre-Olympic training we could again lead the world at the Games in Rome in September. The British team's horse strength stands much depleted. Major Ged O'Dwyer, former Irish Army show-jumper, who has been putting some of the team's riders through their paces, put it to me this way:

"One horse has a sore back, another has a corn, one is lame, and a fourth we don't know what's wrong with him—and still Mr. Macmillan says you've never had it so good. I don't understand this country at all."

Only home competitor to dent the Australian challenge was 22-year-old Miss Anneli Drummond-Hay, who rode her difficult big grey Perhaps into third place. It was a stylish performance. Miss Drummond-Hay bought Perhaps in Cornwall as a three-year-old and trained him herself. "He was nothing more than a bag of bones, and he looked so miserable she paid £10 for him to give him a better home," her sister Mrs. R. T. Whiteley told me. A few years ago, when we came near to being swamped by the Swiss at Badminton, Mrs. Whiteley was

the sole British competitor to give the visitors a run for their money.

Badminton nowadays, with the Australians, the French, and the Irish as well as ourselves competing, plus 30,000 spectators, has become big business. I talked to Lt.-Col. Gordon Cox-Cox, the honorary director, about it. "We start preparations now in October and have a gradual build-up," he told me. "I suppose I go to Badminton 100 times between October and April. Mr. Chappell, the Duke's head forester, and his staff are in charge of the actual building of the cross-country course... then there is a great army of volunteers. We've got 150 of them on the three days."

The first Badminton in 1949 made a profit of £200, but by 1958 the organizers could count on £3,000 to £4,000. This year a profit of about £4,500 is expected. "It will be several months before we know the exact figure—people like the Post Office simply don't send in their bills," Col. Cox-Cox told me.

This year's crowds were enormous—5,000 at some of the jumps. Col. "Pudding" Williams could only make his way through the stables to see his horses by rumbling, "Hounds please! Hounds please!" as he went along. But despite the crowds there is family party atmosphere about Badminton. When I went to Barclay's Bank to get some

change I was also offered a gin and tonic or a Scotch and soda. Viscount Monekton of Brenchley of the Midland, who is the great innovator among the bank chairmen, will find that hard to beat when he gets home from sorting out the troubles of Rhodesia & Nyasaland.

The benign sun meant that the course judges had it easier than last year. I met a couple of lost souls at Fence 3 who were looking for "Bingo" Lowsley-Williams's jump," where they'd been promised hospitality.

Nearby country houses were full of horsey guests. The Spanish Ambassador, the Marqués de Santa Cruz, was staying at Bowood, the Marquess & Marchioness of Lansdowne's Wiltshire home. "A magnificent show," he said. "I never miss an opportunity of looking at nice horses, and when I was in England in the old days Badminton didn't exist." Staying with Mr. & Mrs. "Bassie" Gilbey at Croft House were Mr. & Mrs. Jimmy Senior, Lady Gilbey, and Major & Mrs. Tom Dearbergh, who are moving into a new house at the end of the month.

Lt.-Col. "Babe" Moseley (chairman of the Olympic Selection Committee) & Mrs. Moseley had Col. the Hon. Guy & Mrs. Cubitt and Miss Celia Cubitt to stay with

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

them; also Col. & Mrs. Harry Wise. Col. Wise runs the annual one-day event on the Duke of Devonshire's estate at Chatsworth. Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Newall & Lady Newall were entertaining at their Badminton home, The Old Hundred. They had Capt. "Mike" Cavenagh and Miss Susan Thompson among their guests.

In addition to the royal family the Duke & Duchess of Beaufort had a number of guests at Badminton, including Lord Patrick Beresford (his neck still in a brace from a race fall), Marquess & Marchioness Douro, and the Hon. Richard Beaumont.

Much talk centred round going to Rome for the Olympic Games. Major & Mrs. John Halliday told me that after months of trying for a villa they have now rented one "quite cheap" from Gina Lollobrigida's manager. Mr. & Mrs. Reg Hindley are also taking a villa for the period of the equestrian events.

Still more at Badminton were: Lord & Lady Hugh Russell (he came second on their hunter Dick Turpin in a working hunter class), Mr. & Mrs. John White, Mr. Jack Page, the Hon. Mrs. Kidd and her children John and Jane, Lady Sibell Rowley, Miss Joy Hansel, Mr. & Mrs. Richard Bisgood, who were off to Spain a few days later on holiday, and Major Laurence Rook, who has moved house from Kent to Gloucestershire. He was on our Olympic team in 1956.

Badminton is the last Three-Day Event in which our team competes before leaving for Rome, so I asked Lt.-Col. Weldon what their plans are in the meantime.

"We shan't be doing any more jumping over quarries and collins and things," he said. "But when we go into training again at Royal Ascot on June 20 we shall be concentrating on show-jumping and dressage. The riders will be riding any horses they can get hold of in Grade C competitions."

HOUSE PARTIES ON THE MAP

Besides Badminton, a big social attraction in Gloucestershire last week was the dance

given by Dorothea Lady Goodenough and Mrs. James Holford for their daughters at Hatherop Castle. It prompted house parties across five counties. Just to see where everybody was based it was only necessary to visit Major Holford's "control room" at the Castle. On a map of the surrounding district, mounted on an easel, house parties were marked with blue pins, houses where dinner parties were being held in yellow.

"It just seemed to me," explained the major briskly, "that you've got to have a commonsense way of attacking an operation of this sort." He used to be A.D.C. to the late Earl of Gowrie, then Governor-General of Australia.

The two girls for whom the dance was given were Miss Elizabeth Anne Holford and Miss Mary Goodenough, a striking, tall dark girl whom I had met earlier at a dinner party at her mother's home, Filkins Hall.

Mrs. Leslie Heaver came over from Crudwell with several young people whom she was entertaining for her daughter, Cherry, who is coming out this year. They included Mr. Kevin Preston, Miss Olivia Turton, and Miss Venetia Phelips.

Lady Dulverton brought her guests from Broadway—Miss Philippa Hohler, Mr. Alastair Kennedy, and Mr. Nicholas Villiers. Lady Dulverton's daughters, the Hon. Marion Wills and the Hon. Sarah Wills, were there too. Lord & Lady George Scott had Viscount Anson of the Grenadier Guards, Mr. Charles Dawnay of the Welsh Guards, and Mr. James Baker of the Irish Guards in their party.

Also there were: Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn, Mr. & Mrs. F. R. Goodenough (she was wearing a white-and-gold evening coat "originally looted from Peking"), Col. & Mrs. Raymond Barrow, Lady Elizabeth Lindesay-Bethune and her fiancé Capt. David Greenacre, and Major & Mrs. Anthony Biddulph.

Hatherop Castle has for some time been a girls' school, and nobody was more pleased about having the dance there than Mrs.

Theodore Fyfe, who runs it. "I don't cultivate a schoolmarmish atmosphere here," she said. "I like the life to have some relation to the life the girls will lead afterwards."

An edict came with the invitations, stating: "*For the floor's sake . . . please ladies . . . no stilettos!*" It wasn't exactly obeyed to the letter—as one girl said to me: "Trouble is I don't have anything else." However, all was well next morning and the floor didn't have that chicken-pox appearance.

TREASURE HUNT

Another Gloucestershire party last week was the barbecue given by Sir Charles & Lady Cooper at Charlton Down. This was a benefit for the Stroud Tories who were there, several hundred strong, headed by their Member of Parliament, Mr. Anthony Kershaw. He was the most solemnly dressed person there, in morning dress. He'd come on from a wedding. Hundreds gathered round a great bonfire in the garden. Some of the more energetic ones, such as Major & Mrs. Gerald Gundry, set off by car on a 38½-mile treasure hunt.

Lady Cooper as usual planned it all extremely well. The Hon. Mrs. Morgan-Jones helped to produce some of the delicious "eats." Others helping in various ways were: Col. & Mrs. Alastair MacIntyre, Mr. & Mrs. David Lowsley-Williams, Mrs. Mark Harford, Mrs. "Rufus" Dent, and Lt. Col. Charles & Lady Elizabeth Scott.

MOST HAPPY TOO

Despite poor reviews, the new, romantic American musical, *The Most Happy Fella*, proved a wonderful money-spinner for the Lion Boys' Club at Shoreditch. Beforehand Lady Mary Bailey said that she had accepted the job of chairman with a "sinking heart." As things turned out the evening's success was a lift for her and her committee. The result: a profit of more than £3,000.

BRIGGS by Graham



At Hurlingham, the GERANIUM DANCE
Young people help the Greater London Fund for the Blind

PHOTOS: A. V. SWAEBE



Mr. Mark Vere Nicoll and Miss Ann Pennefather



Mr. Dudley Fishburne with Miss Diana MacLeod, only daughter of the Secretary of State for the Colonies & Mrs. MacLeod

The lighted ballroom from the gardens. The ball was held during the school holidays to attract the maximum number of young people



Miss Sybil Millar collected a raffle prize from Mrs. Tom Page, chairman of the dance committee



Mr. Maurice Cowin and Miss Algie Davies. Members of the committee were aged between 14 and 19



Miss Elizabeth Nation, Mr. Michael Westmac, Miss Lavinia Woodhouse and Mr. Jamie Rob



WEDDINGS



Barry Swaabe

Fergusson—Renton: *Alice Blanche, daughter of Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, Bt., & Lady Fergusson, married Ronald Timothy, son of Mr. & Mrs. R. K. D. Renton, of Thaxted, Essex, and London, S.W.3, at Dailly Church, Ayrshire*



Edmonstone—Gibbs: *Antonia, daughter of Comdr. Edward & the Hon. Mrs. Edmonstone, of Lewes, Sussex, married Michael, son of the late Capt. Evan Gibbs, and of Mrs. Walter Serocold, of Hartley Wintney, Hants, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge*

Whitefield—Nesbitt: *Diana Susan, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Whitefield, of Northdown Farm, Heathfield, Sussex, married Robert Anthony Ellis, only son of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Malleon Nesbitt, of Haslemere, Surrey, at St. James's, Piccadilly*



On the eve of her birthday and the journey to Badminton for the Horse Trials, the Queen and Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Anne and the Prince of Wales attended the wedding reception at St. James's Palace for the Queen Mother's great-niece, Miss Susan Wills, seen (opposite) with her bridegroom, Mr. Peregrine Bertie. Among the bridesmaids, one of whom (below left) found a friend in Prince Philip, were Annabel Rhodes and Marilyn Wills who will both be bridesmaids to Princess Margaret on Friday. The bride is the daughter of Major John & the Hon. Mrs. Wills of Allanbay Park, Berkshire. Mr. Bertie is the younger son of the Hon. James & Lady Jean Bertie



BARRY SWABBE



Gibson—Creak: *Jane, twin daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. L. Gibson, of Little Missenden, Buckinghamshire, married Michael, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Creak, of Hampton Lucy, Warwickshire, at St. John the Baptist's, Little Missenden*

LONDON NOTEBOOK

for the longer days



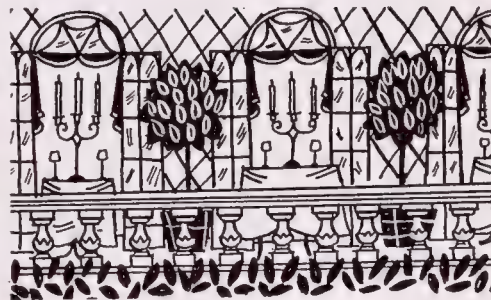
Glass of beer & a breath of air

One of the oldest and most traditional of London's outdoor-drinking places is the Windsor Castle in leafy, rustic Camden Hill, with its walled garden. If it starts to rain you can retire to the sherry bar. Also in Kensington is the Scarsdale Arms in Edwardes Square, where you sit on chairs on the pavement of a side street. Chelsea has the Phene Arms in Margaretta Street, with a paved courtyard and drinks under the trees. At the top of Highgate Hill, there is the Flask with cherry trees, and in Hampstead the Spaniards and the Vale of Health (with a balcony that looks over the heath), both handy after a walk on the Hampstead uplands.



Refreshment with a river view

For a stiffish subscription (£8 8s.) you can join the River Club in Grosvenor Road and drink at the bar overlooking the river. Also a roof garden—just opened with an American bar. Dancing 9 p.m. to 2.30 a.m. to a coloured calypso band. Up-river at Hammersmith is the famous Doves on the Upper Mall, and at Richmond the White Cross, by the boating centre, and the Three Pigeons, with its big terrace. Down-river among the docks are the Angel at Rotherhithe, the Prospect of Whitby at Wapping, the Gun on the Isle of Dogs in Poplar (the best of all to watch the steamers from), and the Grapes, which is in Narrow Street, Stepney.



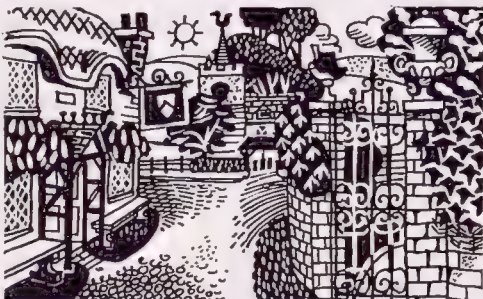
Dining out in greenery

The supreme Mirabelle in Curzon Street slides its roof open in fine weather and also has a flower garden to look at. Down in Chelsea is Au Père De Nico, with a courtyard with creeper-covered, whitewashed walls. Not exactly open-air, but with French windows, a balcony and an unrivalled view over the park, is the Hyde Park Hotel restaurant. Among clubs (subscriptions £1 1s. to £5 5s.) that make a feature of alfresco dining: The Albemarle (glass-roofed conservatory); the Casanova (garden by the bar); the Gargoyle in Soho (roof-garden); and the Twenty-One Room in Chesterfield Gardens (garden on the usual ground floor level).



Supper & a swim

The gilded Hurlingham Club (entrance fee £15 15s., annual subscription £18 18s.) has an open-air swimming pool, and tennis and dancing, as well as dining. Guests are admitted with members on a voucher system. Roehampton Club has both a members' pool and a public one, both open from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. from 7 May to 15 September. Light refreshments can be had at the public pool. The Nordic Club at Esher (membership, £2 2s.) has an open-air pool amid wide lawns, and a bar and buffet as well as restaurant. Farther afield is the Blue Pool at Camberley on the A.30, open from 11 a.m. until dark. It has a sloping lawn for resting between plunges. Here, too, coffee and other light refreshments are laid on. The Bell House Hotel, on the Oxford road between Gerrards Cross and Beaconsfield, also has a swimming pool open to the public from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. You can have a good meal in the grill room for an average of 15s.



An evening in the country

Down the Thames Valley is the Hind's Head at Bray, where you can dine on a terrace off classic British food, and nearby is the Monkey Island Hotel, with a river view from the verandah. At the East Arms at Hurley you can go rustic in the garden, or eat luxuriously in the restaurant overlooking it. The Old Bell, also at Hurley, has similar charms. At Sonning, at the French Horn, there is a terrace on which to dine expensively by candlelight. Then of course there is Skindles at Maidenhead, and the Compleat Angler at Marlow. Away from the Thames is the Bridge House on Reigate Hill, with a Continental atmosphere. Opening in June at Bromley is the Chariot Wheel, a roof-garden restaurant on a modern store, with a dazzling menu. The Airport restaurants at London and Gatwick (the one at Gatwick has mid-weekly and Saturday dinner-dances) offer good food and, in the flying, "the best free cabaret in England."



Spectacle for a summer night

For the musical, Glyndebourne begins on 24 May and runs to 16 August; the Lakeside Concerts at Kenwood are given weekly from 11 June—16 July at 8 p.m.; and concerts at Holland Park on Sundays from 24 July—14 August, at 7.30 p.m. The gracious country house Claydon Concerts in Buckinghamshire are at 7 p.m. on 15, 29 May, 12, 26 June, and 10 July. The Open-Air Theatre at Regent's Park opens around the end of May and continues to the end of August (evenings at 7.30 p.m.). Sport includes after-racing polo on Smith's Lawn, Windsor, in Ascot Week (14—17 June) and in Goodwood Week (26—29 July) at Cowdray Park, both ending in good time for dinner. Evening meetings on metropolitan racecourses are: Alexandra Park, 23 May, 29 June, 25 July, 9 August; and Kempton, 11, 20 & 21 July. Finally, the dogs. At the White City you can dine and watch the races at the same time.

After the 'Twenties revival, the

'30s



An illustrated warning by

HARO

THE TATLER
& Bystander
4 May 1960



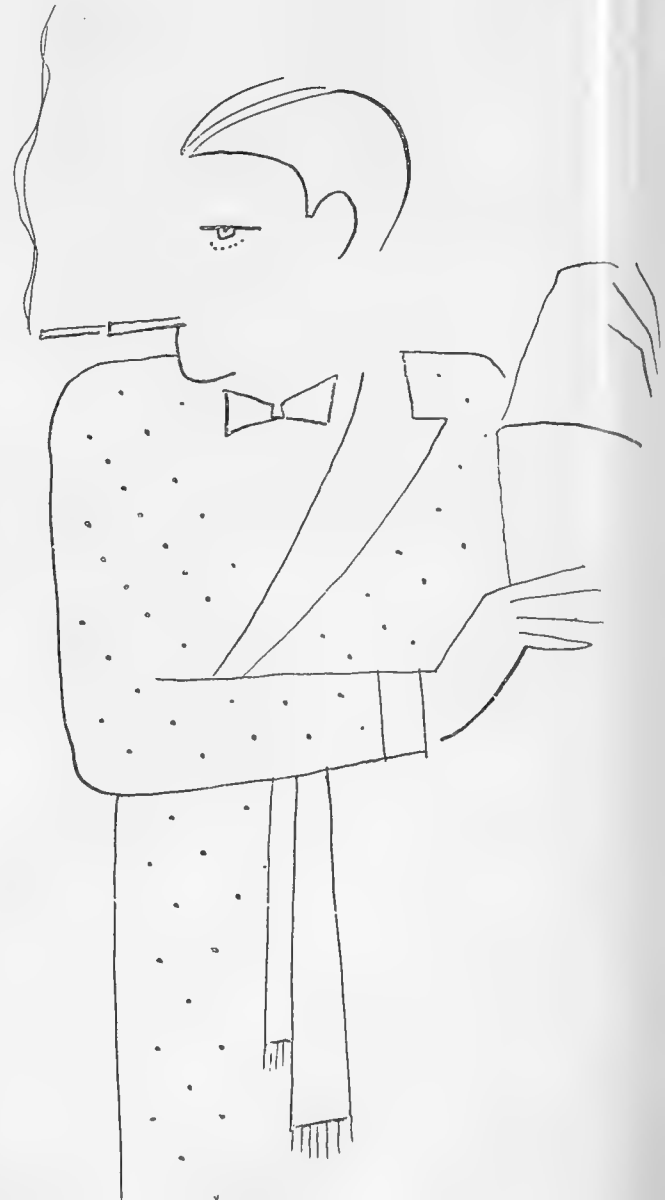
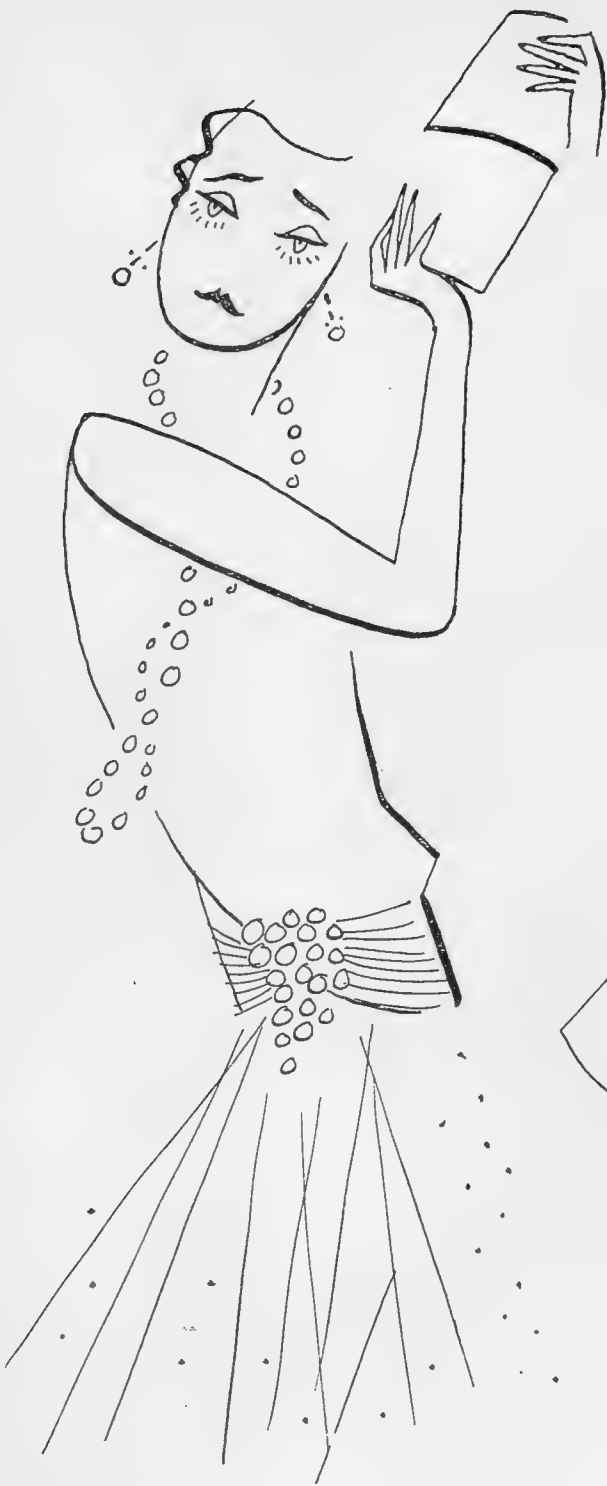
It may come as a shaker to many to be told that you have to be at least 21 to have been born in the 1930s,

let alone to remember them. But Sandy Wilson, the man who reminded so many of their youth with "The

Boy Friend," is now working on a musical which he hopes will do for the 1930s what his earlier success did

for the 1920s. It will be based on Anne Scott-James's satire on the fashion industry, "In the Mink." For

those who have forgotten the era and for the younger set who never knew it, Haro gives due notice of what to expect . . .





The '30s continued



It may give you that
 "We have been here before" feeling



You will keep seeing signposts,

but they don't lead where you think.

For example:

Hepburn means Katharine, not Audrey

Elizabeth is Bergner, not Taylor,

Wong is Anna May, not Suzie,

Beverley is Nichols, not the Sisters.

Elsa is Lanchester, Maxwell or Schiaparelli (Martinelli is just learning to walk).

Boo and Bea and Bebe are the nicknames—BB not yet.

Nymphs (Constant) are in the air rather than nymphets. We trek

to the Austrian Tyrol armed with goggles and Nivea cream.

It is a time of Keeping Fit, of Health and Beauty, of

Lalique and "liquid days." We follow the sun on P. & O. cruises.

Les Girls are at the Dorchester.

The Bright Young Things have gone by now.

"Top hole, old thing!" has become "Marvellous, darling!"

(pronounced Mahvlus dulling). We have platinum rings and platinum blondes at

our '30s weddings. The Charleston has given way to the rhumba.

There is a brief vogue for the Victorian. White pianos and
 telephones, white fox furs, patent leather, and white gardenias gleam in
 the concealed lighting.

As the skies above Europe grow dark everything begins to glitter.

And over the land is heard the voice of the Crooner.

—HARO HODSON





Stayers for the longer days

—or clothes you'll still want to wear even after the corn has been gathered in. But would you want to wear them down on the farm? Probably not—but you could. Marie Antoinette wore court clothes at Trianon and in these clinical days a milkmaid need hardly change out of a model dress

Here comes summer and you're ready in Dorville's sleeveless dress and waist-length jacket (*left*) of daffodil yellow Dorlinic. At Woolland's, London; Samuels, Manchester; Florence Wood, Leeds; price: about 26 gns. The natural fine straw cloche latticed with white braid is by Christian Dior Chapeaux at Harrods, London; Bon Marché, Liverpool; price: 15 gns. The bull with the Olympian air is Swillbrook Lord Foggarthorpe V and Burrow Farm, at Hambleton, Oxon, is his domain

The little bloused chemise dress is a stayer in high fashion this summer. It is made here in pure silk black shantung by Jean Allen with small diamanté clasps attaching the bows to the shoulder straps at the back of the bodice. This model is obtainable at Cresta, New Bond Street; Lindsay, Halifax; Bainbridges, Newcastle; price: 13½ gns. The hat by Dolores is of ruched stiffened black net and can be bought at Fenwick, London; Brightwell, Southend. The price: 12 gns.

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND RUSSELL

Cool for summer living, this silk shantung suit by Sylvia Mills is in tree-bark green with a slightly fitted jacket and a straight tapering skirt. The tie-collar stands away from the stark neckline and the sleeves are bracelet length. You can buy it at Rocha, Grafton Street, W.1; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells; Nola, Chester. The price is 27 gns. The hat of chestnut brown chip straw from Dolores is at Swan & Edgar, W.1, and costs 12½ gns. The farmyard setting for the summer fashions (*below and opposite*) was at Mr. Gilbert Edgar's Burrow Farm, Hambleden

STAYERS FOR THE LONGER DAYS

continued

Pace-setters for the longer days (*opposite*) are the sleeveless tunic dress in white silk by London Town and the black and white tweed full coat by Koupy. The dress is at Harvey Nichols Little Shop, Knightsbridge; Kenneth Kemsley, Nottingham; Camille, St. Annes, price 12 gns. Hat by Dolores (14 gns.) at Fenwicks, London; Brightwell, Southend. Coat at Harrods, London; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Samuels, Manchester, price: 36 gns. Hat by Christian Dior Chapeaux at Harrods; Bentalls, Kingston-upon-Thames, price: 15 gns.







Staying power is increased (*opposite*) by the use of crease-resistant rayon for two summer dresses. London Town's navy rayon shantung sheath (*on left*) has a self belt and the neck and arms edged with scarlet braid and detachable white piqué. Price: 8½ gns. at Wakeford's, Chelsea; Samuel Cooper, Wilmslow; Mayfair, Liverpool. Spectator Sports' pink rayon linen with a full bloused top and sailor collar costs 10 gns. at Fenwicks, London; Bon Ton, Leicester; Cyril Livingstone, Leeds. Pearl ropes and multi-coloured beads by Adrien Mann

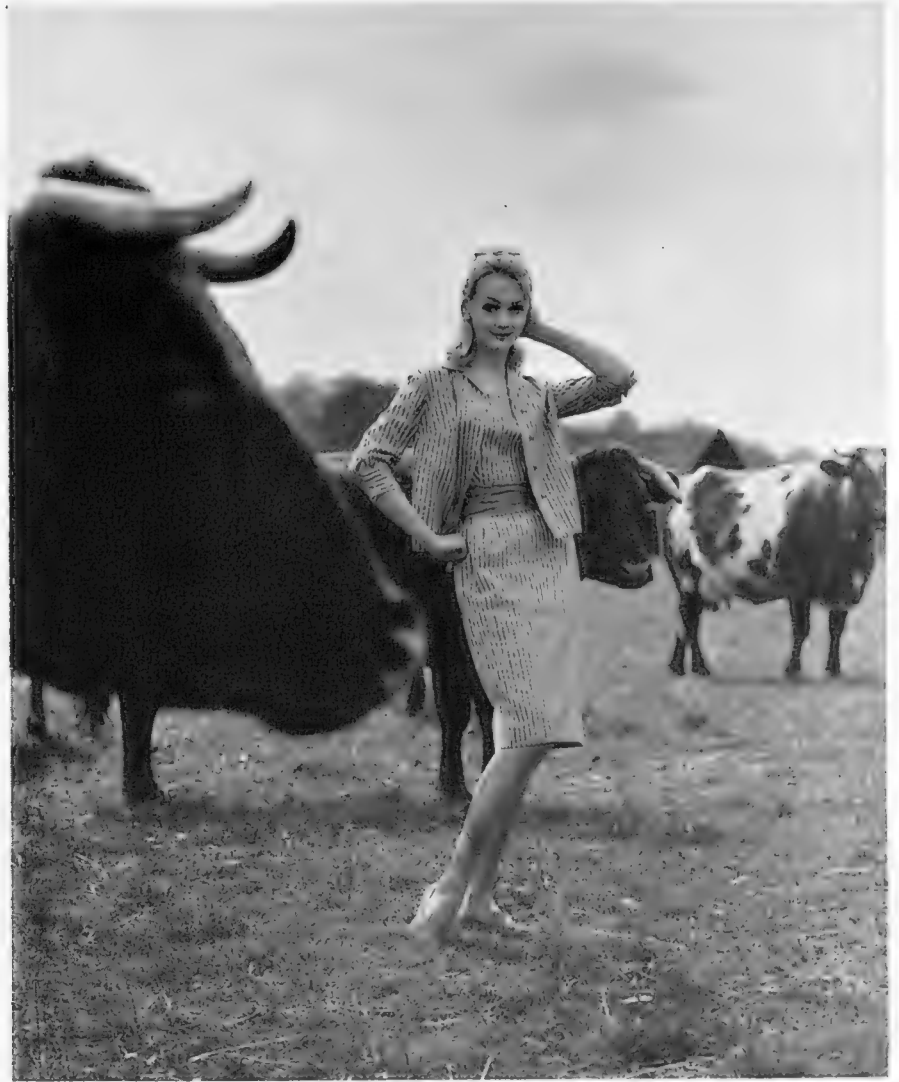
STAYERS FOR THE LONGER DAYS

continued

Pattern for summer in a sleeveless white silk rayon dress by Polly Peck. Printed with black bamboo motifs. A loose overskirt forms a front panel from a shirred waist that is well defined by a black leather belt. The dress costs 8½ gns. at Harrods, London; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh; Diana Warren, Blackpool. The white straw and ribbon bonnet comes from Christian Dior Chapeaux and costs 9½ gns. at Dickins & Jones, London; Dingles, Plymouth. Attendant geese were at Mr. Gilbert Edgar's Burrow Farm which adjoins Springfield







Pure silk makes the dress (*opposite*) from the Hardy Amies Ready-to-Wear collection. It is printed in a purple and white cubist design and has a low neck tying in a bow. Price: £27 19s. 6d. at the Hardy Amies Boutique, Savile Row; Kings, Glasgow; Vogue, Cambridge. The chip straw and lilac grosgrain hat by Dolores costs 15 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London. King David 630th leads the Whitefield's herd of pedigree Large White pigs that Mrs. Gilbert Edgar breeds at Springfield Farm, Hambleton, Oxfordshire

It's never easy to get away from mere prettiness in summer cottons but here is a find in a crisp two-piece by Sambo. The sleeveless white striped grey cotton sheath has a straight companion jacket and the plain grey cummerbund belt matches the collar. The two-piece costs 5½ gns. and is obtainable at Woollands, London, and Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester and Birmingham. The onlookers are cows from the Disborough dairy herd at neighbouring Burrow Farm where Mr. Gilbert Edgar also raises sheep

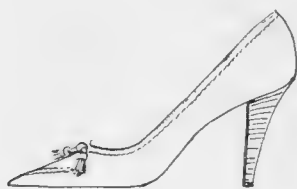
STAYERS FOR THE LONGER DAYS *concluded*



specializes in the specialists

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD: BLUEPRINTS BY DUTHY

Elliotts of Brompton Road and Westbourne Grove specialize in narrow shoe fittings. They have a wide and attractive range, including B, AA, AAA and sometimes AAAA fittings. Sizes go up to 12 American and in the larger sizes the trimmings and patterns are designed particularly to flatter the foot. They stock shoes by Dior, Rayne, I. Miller, Brevitt and Bally as well as those specially made for them (including an elegant Italian range). Prices are from about 69s.



upwards. A good example of Elliotts *haute couture* shoes is the Dior model sketched above. In pale grey with stitched vamp and throat it has a high, slim stacked heel and costs 10 gns. Other ranges (also in narrow fittings) include casual sport shoes and the *Jeunesse* range for teenagers from 59s. 11d. upwards. **Mondaine** of New Bond Street specialize in hand-made shoes in customers' materials. A pair of shoes usually takes half a yard of material, a little more if the pattern is large. Shoes can be made in most fittings and sizes, and in various styles and materials or skins such as snake, lizard or crocodile. Prices are from about 7½ gns. and orders take ten to 14 days. The shoe (alongside) has a needle point toe, pencil slim heel and finely tucked vamp trimmed with roses. This one looks best made up in a plain material. Both **Dolcis** and **Saxone** now cater for long narrow feet. Dolcis's two ranges, *Debutante* (inexpensive) and *Studio* (more expensive) now come in AA fittings up to size 12 American in their main London branches. They cost slightly more than the B fittings. Saxone are experimenting in all their branches with their plain long pointed toe, medium heel court shoes in AA, B and C fittings, at 59s. 11d., sizes 4 to 11½ American, in black or beige. In London and large town branches they will also be available in AAA fitting. The **I. Miller Salon** in Woolland's also have special fittings in AAA, AA, A, B



and some C in the Miller and Millerkins range, in either leather or material.

Elegance Maternelle, 5 Thayer Street, are specialists in maternity clothes. These include day and evening wear from early pregnancy (when it is more a matter of "covering up") onwards. The owner, Mrs. Eder, prefers clear fresh colours and unfussy lines, and clothes can be altered in her work-rooms or at home—there is always lots of extra material for letting out. Clothes can also be made to order from customers' own materials, useful specially for formal evening dresses; prices are from 8 gns. upwards. Sketched is a formal high-waisted dress in white Moygashel embroidered in shades of green (exclusive to them) and gathered under the bust with a flat bow. The back falls straight and has two flying panels. Price: 12 gns. Other clothes include some gay Italian separates, Swedish striped cotton dresses and pinnies and pretty canvas striped tops (48s. 6d.) which would look wonderful on the beach. There is also a large selection of English clothes, some exclusive to them.



Miki Sekers, couture fabric specialist, has now opened a retail showroom at 29 Bruton Street for fabrics previously supplied only to leading couturiers. The collection is small and exclusive as the couture range is limited and continuously changing. Fabrics are mostly plain, with a few unusual patterned designs. There are various plain black fabrics and a large selection of silk and wool mixtures. Prices are from £2 to £5 per yard.

The Leather Restorers (a subsidiary of Booth's tanning company) specialize in cleaning and renovating suède and leather. Originally a mail order firm, they have now opened a shop at 22 Brompton Arcade. Cleaning is by the non-chemical Suèdecraft method and a full-length suède coat costs about £2 10s. plus an extra guinea for removal and cleaning of lining. Leather

coats—where the lining has to be removed anyway—cost £4 14s. 6d. Sheepskin linings and coats, which are rather more difficult, cost from 35s. Allow approximately a fortnight for suède cleaning, slightly more for leather. (Worth noting—suède shoes can be sent to them for cleaning through branches of Dolcis.)

Jaeger, Regent Street, have two new specialist departments—the Young Jaeger for the 18 to 25 year-olds and the enlarged Man's Shop on the lower ground floor. Both departments have been redesigned by Dennis Lennon for attractive and efficient shopping. The Young Jaeger collection, designed by Bob Schulz, includes suits, coats, cotton dresses, short evening dresses, play and beach clothes. Clothes are gay and colourful, but simple in style. Cotton dresses from 5½ gns., suits and coats from 10½ to 11 gns. Sizes 8½ to 14. The new Man's Shop is designed as a help-yourself department. Boxes of ties are attached to poles, shirts and knitwear are sectioned into sizes on the counters, jackets and coats hang on rails and two alcoves are piled high with Italian and Jaeger-designed casual and beach clothes.

Aquascutum, Regent Street, now specialize in all-the-year-round cotton for men. Apart from the showerproof cotton raincoats and jackets, they have cotton trousers, motoring and golfing jackets and a complete range of casual clothes. The raincoats come in various lengths and colours, checks or iridescent cotton, and some are reversible. Prices are between 11 and 12 gns. For the winter, button-in fur linings in nutria or dyed musquash can be bought separately. The motoring and golfing jackets cost from 4½ gns.



and some have *Aqua-Five* proofing. There is a large range of striped or plain shirts and some good-looking shorts, many in minimum-iron cotton. The blue and white striped cotton towelling kimono (sketched above) comes from the beachwear department. It is made in several colours, small, medium and large sizes, and costs 5 gns.

How to score at the ball game

THE FIRST THING to know about going to a ball is that the brand of glossy good looks portrayed here always wins in a crowd. The face is lightly defined; the dashing hair (by René) won't let its wearer down. The basis for a lightweight make-up is a thin film of foundation. Oily skins are suited by a liquid foundation like Cyclax *Day Lotion* or Rose Laird's *Young Skin*. Drier ones need a cream type like Innoxa's *Liquid Satin* (new colour here: *Satin Blush*).

Rim the eyes narrowly like the ones in the picture and edge the shadow in with a deeper hue—pale blue deepening to cornflower, or blue brightening to an underwater green. French eye drops *Collyre Bleu*

add sparkle for after-dark. A pretty blue liquid, they make whites whiter and comfort strained eyes (8s. 9d. from Roberts, New Bond Street). Half sweeps of fake lashes look good, curling from the outer edges of eyes (names here: Elizabeth Arden, Eyelure).

There are lots of new colours for lips. Guerlain's contributions are *Dream*—a rose-hued peach, and *Cyclamen*—a bright but cool-toned pastel. Innoxa's newcomers are *Mermaid Pink*—a soft hazy pink, and *Fire Coral*—a warmish coral, verging on apricot. Revlon's offering is *Pango Peach*—a bright, warm coral peach.

The 1960 way to apply lipstick is with Elizabeth Arden's elegant lipstick with a built-in mirror which flicks up at a twist of the wrist. Glamour twist for evening is the version with a jewel-edged mirror (costing 36s.). The jewel-less ones are a fluted gilt column (27s. 6d., or gilt-ended with a silver finish centre, 32s. 6d.).

Unseen investment to forestall or freshen dance-weary feet is *Foot Fresh* by Amplex. It's good used through stockings and you can spray the insides of evening shoes with it. It comes in an aerosol spray (7s. 6d. from most chemists). Still in the freshening-up class is an eau-de-Cologne-impregnated tissue called the *Boldoot* towelette, which cools as it cleanses.

Best insurance for a face that stands out above the crowd is a hair-do and make-up on the day. These can be combined at Simon of Knightsbridge, where they undo the back rollers when you emerge from the drier and waft you into a cool, calming room. Initially you are shrouded in a blue electric blanket while face and shoulders are cleansed with a herbal cream. Stage two is deep cleansing with herbal steam, combined with breathing exercises—this has a twin purpose of toning and cleansing. Deep massage (clients sometimes fall asleep at this stage), a herbal masque (made of eggs, honey and herbs according to skin type), and oxygen treatment (stimulates and revitalizes skin) complete the treatment, which spans one and a half hours.

The Beauty Clinic in Chiltern Street holds unbiased views on make-up and will give you a face to outshine others plus a hair style to match on the same afternoon. They will apply your favourite cosmetics if you prefer, but it's best to leave it to their unerring eye.



Lord Kilbracken: Doing the Madison . . .

AROUND four years ago, I noticed in an American advertisement one of the most ravishing girls I've ever seen. At this interval, I cannot describe her in detail, but at the time she made—she *must* have made—a deep impression on me. All I can now say for certain is that she was a brunette and was wrapped up—not very completely wrapped up—in a towel and nothing else. Underneath, the towel-makers had written simply: “*This Towel Has No Peer.*”

I was so taken with the young lady that I at once felt, since I *am* a peer, that I should do something about this; it was too good an opportunity to be missed. So I pasted the whole ad. on a sheet of paper, and I wrote underneath: “Sorry to hear of your predicament. As a fully-fledged Peer of the Realm, I will gladly supply the deficiency, provided the towel comes with the pretty girl inside it.”

Then I sat back and waited for things to happen. I didn't quite know *what* things, though I thought they might at least be sports and send me her telephone number. But *nothing* happened—no reply from the towel-makers, who go under the name of Martex, and certainly no honeyed letter from the supergirl.

Nothing, that is to say, till several months later—October 6th, 1956, to be precise—when I was sent a clipping from the *Daily Mail*. The gossip columnist had, extraordinarily, heard of my little letter to

Martex from “Mr. Charles Ventura of New York,” who in his turn had heard it from “one of Lord Kilbracken's pals during a Stork Club party for Lady Iris Mountbatten.” And he retailed it to his eager readers as “the nicest story of the week.”

Well, I thought, at least someone got a laugh out of it. (And well, I thought rather more cynically, someone arranged to get some nice free publicity out of it—Ventura writes a widely-syndicated gossip-column, and I have a faint suspicion that my alleged “pal” may rather have been one of the Martex publicists.) And that was all—never a word from America—till the week before last Christmas, when I came across a new Martex ad. In it, lo and behold, a young lady was wrapped up—not very completely wrapped up—in a towel and nothing else, except, this time, a *coronet*. (Opinions differ, but for my money, though she's not bad, she isn't a patch on the 1956 girl.) There was also a young man, similarly attired. Between them ran a full column of letterpress, which I scanned with increasing interest. It began like this:

“We once ran an ad. about a Martex towel with a copy line that said—and we quote—‘This towel has no peer.’

“In no time at all—air mail—came a reply from a British lord, no less. Said our story had touched his heart and, as a true blue-blooded peer of the realm, he would be happy to accept the position as peer to our

peerless towel. Would also accept the pretty model who was wrapped in it.

“*Well, we made good on the towel—sent him a whole dozen.* The model had a husband. Anyhow, that's the kind of thing that makes this business fun.” (*Yes, the italics are mine.*)

The ad. continued—and I quote:

“Now here we are again. We've got another Martex towel with regal connotations. (Note that ‘regal.’ Being in the peerage isn't enough for this towel. It's made for royalty!) And just so there won't be any mistake, we've embroidered it with the prospective owners' titles and crests.

“Majestic size—more than a yard wide and almost two yards long! Deep, plushy soft white terry—the ermine of the towel world! What more could you ask? (Sorry, these models are married, too.)”

I had some idea what more I could ask. Just so there won't be *any* mistake, the whole dozen of deep, plushy soft white towels never did reach Killegar, nor any letter, ever, from the Martex people. This Peer, in fact, Still Has No Towel. I admit that certain thoughts, probably unworthy, crossed my mind. Are not certain gentlemen, or ex-gentlemen, paid large sums of money to lend their names for advertising purposes? Would not anyone suppose that I had done the same? Had not my letter directly inspired their “gimmick” for a whole season's production? As I pondered these questions—I'm still pondering them, but I don't know the right kind of lawyer—I idly turned the pages of the magazine containing the ad. and came on another full-page, full-colour ad., this time for Mercedes-Benz.

The picture showed, in the background, the Hohenlohe shooting lodge. In the middle distance, a shiny Mercedes-Benz 220. (It had two little sporting dogs, looking like rough-haired dachshunds, if such a breed exists, attached by their leads to the bumper.) In the foreground stood the Prince and Princess Hohenlohe, clad in tweeds, binoculars, guns, fishing baskets, and “formal dignity and mien,” as the Mercedes people put it. And right under the picture was the made-to-measure, chance-in-a-lifetime caption: “A Prince, a Princess, and a Car with no Peer.”

Could this be Mr. Charles Ventura of New York at work again? If there's one thing I'd like more than a shining new girl (which there isn't), it's a shining new Mercedes. So it seems to me that all I have to do is to paste the whole ad. on a sheet of paper; write the magic words “As a Peer of the Realm, I will gladly supply the deficiency”; send it to the Mercedes people; and wait a few months till Ventura gets hold of the story, from one of my “pals” during a Hoffbrauhaus party for Prince Hohenlohe. Mercedes-Benz, presumably, will then say publicly that they've made good on the car and send me a whole dozen—but this time I'll make damned sure that they do what they say they've done.



Norton-Pratt

Anniversary for Lord Home

Moment of calm in the country before the start of what could be a momentous conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers: the Earl of Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations and Leader of the House of Lords, took a respite with the Countess of Home at their Berwickshire house, The Hirsell, Coldstream. The visit of the Premiers coincides with the completion of Lord Home's fifth year in charge of Commonwealth Relations. He was back in London for yesterday's City welcome to the Commonwealth leaders at Guildhall

ESTABLISHMENT ART

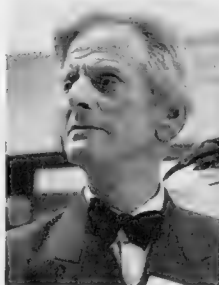
is something no other country can boast—or would want to. It isn't a style exactly but it's all crashingly respectable. Like the Establishment itself, its idea seems to be to draw as little attention to itself as possible—especially with anything so obtrusive as merit



THE SPECIMEN:

Mock-Georgian office building to be erected at 12a Stanhope Gate, Mayfair. Presumably intended to look like the other buildings in the terrace, it clothes a modern structure with a period front, rather after the fashion of imitation wood-grained plastic tabletops. And all to what purpose, considering that not a single feature of the façade is actually the same as either of its neighbours'—which in turn are not even like each other? Still, it's the sort of thing that never causes any particular fuss, unlike those 'contemporary' blocks

THE SPONSOR:



Sir Charles Wheeler, president of the Royal Academy, commends the design with the following words: "It is refreshing to see some acknowledgment of the heritage of tradition in this building. . . . It obeys one of the often-neglected principles of civic architecture—good neighbourliness." Sir Charles himself is a sculptor, which might seem just as well if this kind of make-believe represents his taste in architecture

THE SUGGESTION:

The Cunard company, which hopes soon to build a new Queen liner, should call in Sir Charles Wheeler as consultant. Applying the principles of good neighbourliness he might produce a most interesting design, with perhaps a sail or two to harmonize with passing yachts in the Solent, and wooden walls (plywood, possibly?) to acknowledge the heritage of tradition. But, of course, architecture is a mystery that must not be mocked



A sleek-contemporary new £1 banknote, a dashing independent enterprise by the Bank of England, which seems to have forgotten that it was nationalized in 1946. Nobody thought to consult the Council of Industrial Design, which after all was set up to save the artistically insensitive from just such disasters. As for Mr. Heathcoat Amory, the Chancellor, it doesn't seem to have struck him either that the design looks like "Monopoly" money



The President of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Mr. Robert Austin, R.A., personally designed the new note. He is professor of engraving at the Royal College of Art, which may account for why the Bank thought he might be their man. Perhaps they didn't know that the college also has a professor of graphic design and a visiting lecturer, F. H. K. Henrion, of international repute in this field

Before the 10s. note is passed out for redesign to Sir Albert Richardson (who, after designing the offices of the *Financial Times*, might not seem such a far-fetched choice), perhaps Mr. Cameron Cobbold and the Court of Directors could make a study of, say, luncheon vouchers, season tickets and book tokens, most of which are just as practical and show substantially more flair than what they have just inflicted on the public



Block to replace the down-at-heel, if stylish, buildings alongside St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Anxious, perhaps, to escape the criticism heaped on him for the B.B.C. extension, which managed to obliterate the silhouette of All Souls, Langham Place, the architect has succeeded in producing a building not only modest in height but overpoweringly dull even by the standards of some of the other buildings in Trafalgar Square



Consultant for this rebuilding is Sir Howard Robertson, who was also associated with the architect, Mr. Fitzroy Robinson, on the B.B.C. extension scheme. Sir Howard is building himself quite a reputation for the massive, boring effect—he is also the architect of the Shell block on the South Bank

The Royal Fine Art Commission, that timorous body which never quite manages to make its mind up, demurred at the bulk of Sir Howard's Shell block and wanted a storey off the St. Martin's one, too. It has, of course, failed to make any difference to either. Why not disband the Commission, which is clearly useless if things like this can get past it?

The larger country towns
have an obscure
building, usually Victorian,
often heavily ornamented, and
nearly always a puzzle
to the passer-by. This is



PHOTOS: CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX

Pretentious but drab—and abundantly provided with excellent roosting places for pigeons

WHERE THE CORN IS GOLD



Unless you're a farmer you'll probably never enter a Corn Exchange, much less know what goes on inside one. Most of them, like the building shown at Sudbury in Suffolk, combine an architectural pretentiousness of pinnacle and column with an outward appearance that is desperately drab. Not that this seems to worry the farmers. Nobody has ever shown any keen desire to rebuild the nation's Corn Exchanges (demolition is more in the air), so maybe the feeling is that nothing much can be done beyond an occasional coat of paint. But the truth probably is that most farmers and merchants regard their Corn Exchange as a sombre sort of club where the social amenities—however meagre—are at least as important as the business transacted. The Exchange's *raison d'être* lies with the tidily enveloped samples of grain that pass from hand to hand. You can't hope to learn the ritual in one brief visit but a threepenny or sixpenny entrance fee will at least enable you to appreciate the timeless flavour.



Above: Tattered cases contain the samples; business is done at desks and stands that have seen equally long service



The grain merchant's purpose is eventually to supply the farmer but first there's a clubroom atmosphere of gossip

Often it's a case of waiting for business but nothing so far has persuaded patrons that this could be done in brighter and more comfortable surroundings

Grain samples are packed in neat envelopes (opposite) and emptied out under the critical gaze of farmers





Time to go and change . . .



. . . and start dressing up . . .

MARTINIQUE — *island of summer*

Photographs by DENISE COLOMB

. . . for the children's beauty contest . . .



. . . That's the lot. Now for it . . .





You could call all the West Indies islands of summer, but for the British traveller Martinique has something special: it is French. It seems a stop that Princess Margaret and her husband can hardly fail to make on their honeymoon cruise in the Britannia. Perhaps this Frenchness adds gaiety, or perhaps it is only imagination, but there are those who say it feels like carnival time all the year round, and there are others who maintain that here are the most beautiful girls in all the Caribbean. Anyway, there's no doubt about the sunshine (the sea on Christmas Day is 77 degrees), there's no doubt about the delicious French food, and there's no doubt that colour conflicts are less obtrusive. Old Creole traditions survive, including a spectacular devil dance that culminates in a memorable bonfire. Martinique is wedged between the Windward and Leeward archipelagos, which string out into the Atlantic northwards from Trinidad off the South American mainland

Spectators crowd the windows at carnival time and two of the younger ones can be seen in devil costume. Below: An African "death dance" is liable to break out in the street any time—no harm meant, just high spirits



MARTINIQUE—*island of summer* CONCLUDED



The "danse de la barre," in which the dancer folds himself backwards under the bar—it's Limbo dancing in floor shows over here. Above right: Children have their own fancy dress ball at carnival time. Right: As in New Orleans, jazz bands circulate in lorries, performing as they go. Below: As the bonfire burns the prince of darkness (usually a likeness of a detested public figure, preferably from the last corruption scandal), the crowds sing in pidgin French: "You have miscalculated, you up there. Had you gone to France in time, this would never have happened to you"



only three rooms. If the Russians come, they would requisition spare rooms, and we want to remain a family—my husband, my daughter, and I.”

When I talked of this fear to the manager of the *gasthaus*—a nice, mellow old man, who could remember riding down the Strand in a hansom cab—he said: “We have had many invasions. After the last war, I had the French and the Americans here. The French were the nicest because they were poor. The poor always comprehend the poor.”

His wife nodded and said: “Yes, we always have invasions. Now we have the Egyptian students at the university. Oh, so many! And they are so rude now that they are free. They spread their legs in the trams and will not stand up for old ladies.”

It is the talk over coffee that the quick traveller misses; the talk that makes the earth come alive. I remember sitting in a café at Igls, above Innsbruck, and hearing the proprietor complain: “Now I must pay my waitresses £30 a month, in addition to their meals and their tips. Most of them—even the single ones—own their apartments.” And then: “The Germans are now so rich; the English are better guests because they eat so little and do not mind paying for it. But the Germans eat a lot and complain about the bill. Half of them are so prosperous in Germany that they are breeding a new inequality; and oh, they are so pompous!”

There was a woman at the table who spoke perfect English. She whispered to me: “We have a monarchist club in Innsbruck. The Habsburg cause is not dead, you know.”

Thus the pattern of life emerges, if you pause as you travel, and listen more than you speak.

Someone should write a book on the English memorials in Europe. He might begin with the Hofkirche in Innsbruck: he should stand by the empty sarcophagus of the Emperor Maximilian I, and look at the 28 splendid, immense bronze figures that surround the tomb. Why is King Arthur of England there? A legendary figure, with armour and shield, standing in line with the real people of the court? I asked and was told that Arthur was one of Maximilian's favourite heroes of antiquity, so he shares the grand old silence of the church with the Emperor's ancestors and contemporaries. It is a solemn and beautiful experience to pause before the tomb, in the late evening, when the pale light trembles on the bronze faces. The extended hands have been touched by so many travellers during four centuries that the metal seems to have absorbed their breath, and their blood, and to be alive.

It was not easy to leap back to reality,

ten minutes later, sitting in a café beside a dazzling juke box and hearing Elvis Presley singing *A Big Hunk o' Love*. And listening to a loud English woman at the next table saying to her male companion, who looked like an over-broken retriever: “I want to read Serge Obolensky's book. I once had tea with his mother.”

Sixty miles from Innsbruck is St. Anton, which is for the young and the rich. Tourism is a fetish here: the little guide book promised me “automobilism” and “motorism”; and two drinks in one of the smart bars cost the better part of £1. But there were compensations. I listened to two English officers, on leave, no doubt from Germany: one assumed the stance that allowed room for his imaginary spurs and said: “Yes, it's very tricky if you've got the wrong kind of C.O.” From the gramophone in the next room came the music of *Colonel Bogey*. Outside the hotel was the Volkswagen of an American officer, with a big “FOR SALE” notice on the side. I suppose his exile in Europe was over and he was going back to Wisconsin.

There was one serious theme from the two days in St. Anton. I had watched the skiers like fabulous crows, speeding down the slopes; and the victims, with broken ankles, looking on. An Austrian woman, to whom I had a letter of introduction, made the remarkable statement: “We have in the Tirol two classes now—the skiers and the people. If the young, who do not remember the war, wish to be good skiers, then they must neglect their education. Ski-ing has an evil effect on them: it makes them so cock-sure of themselves that they do not mind who they knock over. They develop bad manners. We now have mountain police to catch them if they become arrogant and cruel on their skis.”

On the way from St. Anton, towards the coast, I read that the “mountain police” had arrested an English officer for colliding with an old man in the snow; that he had been refused bail and was being held in prison.

It was difficult, looking out of the window of the train at the tranquil white valleys, to believe that any sort of anger molested them. Then we passed a hollow where old concrete tank traps survived in the snow, and I realized that we were travelling over land that had been sour with war only a few years ago.

I must have been dozing as the train sped across the free, tiny slice of Liechtenstein; across the Rhine and into Switzerland, where a delightful thing happened. I heard the clang of the railway man tapping the wheels, and woke up to find that we were at Buchs, on the frontier. An official opened the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

*Once it was the only
way to travel, and for
enjoying foreign places
there's still nothing to beat a*

Broken Journey

by Hector Bolitho

WE ARE promised flights across the Atlantic in two hours: this means that we will be drinking our dry martini as we rise above London Airport and finishing our coffee as we land at Idlewild. Already Jules Verne has become an old square, and the gentle art of breaking one's journey seems to have become unfashionable. But not for me. I am pleased to have taken as long to travel from Innsbruck to Folkestone, a few weeks ago, as many people take to circumnavigate the earth.

The passenger flying at several thousand feet sees Innsbruck as a cluster of buildings, lying in the valley where Roman soldiers marched in the time of Augustus. He looks out of the window of the aircraft, but he cannot read what is written on the earth below, nor hear what is being said. He cannot sense the strange old claustrophobia and frontier jealousies that make these North Tirolese write *Freiheit für Süd Tirol*, on the wall of the Hofkirche, in white letters as tall as themselves; nor listen to the schoolteacher, with whom I lunched, explain: “You see, we have built our new house with



The Emperor Maximilian is guarded in death by 28 bronze figures. These are four of them

BROKEN JOURNEY continued

door of the carriage and said: "Passport!" I apologized for my delay in finding it, and he asked: "British?" When I smiled and answered, "Yes," he waved his hand and said: "Do not trouble."

So I travelled into Switzerland, with the nice sensation that the world was 30 years younger. Then on towards the happiest experience of my journey.

A week before, when I was in Innsbruck, the silly man in the tourist office had said: "Basel! It is only a railway station to me." This was harsh comment on one of the most graceful towns in Switzerland, which has especial charms for the English traveller who likes to find marks of his own history on alien earth.

The adventure of Basel began perfectly. I walked into the hall of the Three Kings Hotel and, while the porter was carrying my suitcases up the stairs, I glanced at a framed document on the wall. It was a copy of a holograph letter, written on 29 September, 1754, by Prince Charles Edward Stuart—the Young Pretender—to his banker in Paris, to tell him that he was staying at the Three Kings under the name of "Mr. Thompson."

Just as I was thinking over the perversity of human nature—princes who wish to be plain Mr. Thompson, and the Mr. Thompsons who have dreamed of being princes—another guest came into the hall of the splendid old hotel. He was tall, vigorous and proud—I suppose the easy word is "impressive." The manager of the hotel told me afterwards: "That was Willy Brandt, the mayor of Berlin. A great man. People speak of him as the future Chancellor of Germany. What is so nice to watch is that he never forgets to thank a servant."

The manager was also remarkable: he loves Basel, describes it as his "native earth," and has a smile that would melt a gorgon. He led me to the terrace, from which I was able to flick my cigar ash into the Rhine, and said: "You know, this is the oldest hotel in Switzerland. It was called

At the Sign of the Flower in 1026. Some famous people have stayed here—Voltaire, Napoleon Buonaparte, Prince Metternich, Charles Dickens, Trollope, Longfellow, and your own Queen Victoria, when she was young." He lowered his voice and added, with a proper sense of history: "And the Kaiser."

Then he said he must show me "our Golden Book." While it was being brought from the safe, he continued: "Your famous John Foxe came here; his *Book of Martyrs* was printed in Basel. And Erasmus lived here; he liked the climate very much."

The Golden Book was opened on the table. I am an old hand at reading manuscripts, but I have seldom been aware of the pattern of history emerging so quickly from a hundred or more autographs. I read the arrogant royal signatures, *Leopold, Philippe, Vittorio Emanuele*, each strutting across a page, leading through the 19th century into our own. Then, like omens of change, the signatures of monarchs, in exile, became smaller, and mixed in with *Baldwin of Bewdley, Montgomery of Alamein* (in green ink), and one human touch, from the Aga Khan, in August 1954. He added, after his name: "Very pleased to have been here again."

Parents who wish their sons to absorb the culture of Europe might think seriously of Basel and its university, which celebrates its 500th anniversary in June, when there is to be an exhibition in the Art Museum of paintings and drawings by Holbein the Younger. It will be a great occasion, and I understand that many of the pictures are to be lent from English collections. But the paintings and drawings already there make Holbein's years in England come alive—there, beside the Rhine, in this splendid gallery, our thoughts become fixed on our own history. There is a portrait of Lady Guildford, and another of Sir Nicholas Carew, who succeeded her husband as Master of the Horse to Henry VIII; but for me the most charming is of Prince Edward—after-

wards Edward VI—at the age of six. The drawing is exquisitely simple, and the bold blue water-colour background is as lively as if it had been painted yesterday.

There is one drawing in the collection before which I always pause for some time, remembering my early 16th-century history, and also the map of Chelsea, which shows, among its place and street-names, More's Garden, and Holbein Place and Mews. The Londoner can still wander along the embankment where Sir Thomas More built his "modest yet commodious mansion" in 1520, and made Chelsea fashionable—where he sometimes walked with Henry VIII, in the "fair garden," the King "holding his arm about his neck." Erasmus, who had long left England and settled finally in Basel, where Hans Holbein also lived, gave the painter a letter of introduction to More. We know that Holbein came on his first visit to London from 1526 to 1528; we know also that he later lived in More's house, so that his name belongs to Chelsea as much as to Basel.

It was during the first visit that he made the drawing of Thomas More and his family that he took back as a gift to Erasmus. What makes the drawing so personal and touching to the English visitor are the notes added by More of the names and ages of all the figures in the group, so that Erasmus might recognize them. It was the early 16th century precedent for the gesture we appreciate in our own time, when American friends send us Christmas photographs of their children with their names and ages, and the amiable inscription: "You see, I've got a very lovely family."

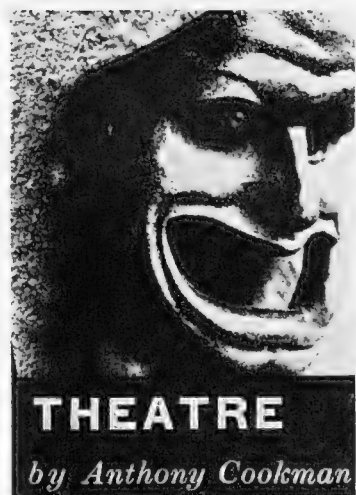
In the forecourt of the Art Museum in Basel is Rodin's famous group of the Burghers of Calais—not set aloof on a pedestal, but in the paving stone, so that you meet the robust bronze figures face to face. It was a little disappointing, therefore, to tumble out on Calais railway station, two days later, and come upon a contemporary burgher, in a white jacket, and the sign "HOT DOGS" over his head.

My journey of eight days from Innsbruck to the coast was over. The Channel was savage, and the landing in Folkestone was horrible—the walk from the ship to the customs shed, without shelter from the storm; the spontaneous rudeness of officials, the dinginess of the station, and the waiter who would not let me have a cup of coffee unless I paid six shillings extra for a seat in the dining-car. But still, I remembered the emotion I had known 35 years ago when I first landed in England; looking out of the train window at the fields that are different from any others in the world—small, hedged, and moulded by hand—and so loved that they have been given names.

VERDICTS

- The play* **A Passage To India.** Comedy Theatre. (Norman Wooland, Enid Lorimer, Zia Mohyeddin, Dilys Hamlett.)
- The films* **Cone Of Silence.** Director Charles Frend. (Bernard Lee, Peter Cushing, Elizabeth Seal, George Sanders.)
Wake Me When It's Over. Director Mervyn LeRoy. (Ernie Kovacs, Margo Moore, Jack Warden, Nobu McCarthy.)
Cash McCall. Director Joseph Pevney. (James Garner, Natalie Wood, Nina Foch, Dean Jagger.)
Beyond The Curtain. Director Compton Bennett. (Richard Greene, Eva Bartok, Marius Goring, Andrée Melly.)
- The books* **The Last Years Of Napoleon,** by R. Korngold (Gollancz, 25s.)
Emma Hamilton & Sir William, by Oliver Warner (Chatto & Windus, 25s.)
The Art Of Ruth Draper, by M. D. Zabel (Oxford, 35s.)

- The Daughters Of Necessity,** by Peter Feibleman (Michael Joseph, 21s.)
Mamizelle Bon Voyage, by Gil Buhet (Cape, 18s.)
For Your Eyes Only, by Ian Fleming (Cape, 15s.)
- The records* **Rumpus On Rampart Street,** by Edmond Hall
Ragtime, by Eubie Blake
Vibes To The Power Of Three, by Gibbs, Feldman & Bunker
Gee Baby Ain't I Good To You? by Donna Hightower
Sweet Tunes Of The Roaring Twenties, by Earl Bostic
With The Contemporary Leaders, by Sonny Rollins
More Than The Most, by Dakota Stanton
- The galleries* **Tiepolo drawings.** Victoria & Albert Museum.
Edward Middleditch. Beaux Arts Gallery.
Luc Marie Bayle, Debenham & Freebody's.



Where the Raj went wrong

WE CAN ALL REMEMBER WITH A shiver certain plays made out of great novels. Not unreasonably, therefore, those who have read Mr. E. M. Forster's *A Passage To India*, now nearly 40 years old, will be inclined to take the praise lavished on its stage version at the Comedy with a grain of salt. They will ground their scepticism on the general unlikelihood of a novel picturing with insight and immense literary skill Anglo-Indian relationships under British rule, ever emerging in play form with all

its essential values unvulgarized.

Very well; sympathetically I will not insist that this is what Miss Santha Rama Rau, the Indian lady responsible for the adaptation, has in fact done. I will be satisfied warmly to recommend the play as one offering genuine theatrical pleasure to those who have never read, or have half forgotten, the novel.

The first scene between the educated Indian doctor, Aziz, and the humorously perceptive Principal of Government College, Fielding, makes perfectly clear what racial relations are like in Chandrapore. The Anglo-Indian men see it as no part of their job of administering even-handed justice to fraternize with the natives. Their wives are trying to model the colony on the lines of an English suburb, with the club as their nightly refuge from undesirable social contacts. The young doctor is naturally resentful of English authority, but exuberant, sincere and excessive in his friendly gestures only because he is aware of the contemptuous indifference with which his advances are usually met.

Sooner or later, as Fielding dimly perceives, his impulsive eagerness to co-operate in the common task of making a workable society is bound to culminate in personal disaster.

Adela Quested, an earnest Kensington bluestocking who has come out to Chandrapore in order to decide whether she will marry the

resident magistrate, is the cause of the disaster. Aziz rashly invites her and the magistrate's mother and Fielding to a picnic at the celebrated Marabar caves. The picnic is a perilous scene. It comes off because we have been enabled to recognize in the tea-party scene that the frigid Adela is an incipient hysteric. Her condition may be due to the heat, to the strain of making up her mind whether her prospective marriage is what she wants, or to her total intellectual failure to "see" India and understand its spirit.

Whatever the cause, she blindly accuses Aziz of insulting her in the

polished gloom of the Marabar caves, and the whole community is plunged into a fever of self-righteous fury. Fielding, believing in the Indian's innocence, champions him at the club, and is ostracized for his disloyalty to the ruling caste. At the trial scene the unhappy Adela has an intuition of her mistake and, to the consternation of her friends, courageously withdraws the charge.

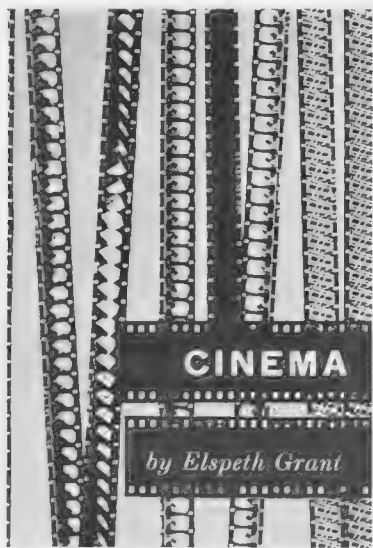
Her withdrawal is worthless to Aziz. Without a violent show of passion, justice and honesty mean little in India, and when in gratitude for Fielding's loyalty to him he unwillingly consents to refuse the



FROM TEA-PARTY TO TRAGEDY: Left: *The newcomers from England, Mrs. Moore and Adela Quested* (Enid Lorimer & Dilys Hamlett) are introduced by Fielding (Norman Wooland) to the engaging Dr. Aziz (Zia Mohyeddin). Right: *After the trial Fielding pleads with Aziz.* From *A Passage To India*

heavy damages to which he is entitled, he knows that his gentlemanly behaviour will be regarded as weakness by his fellow Indians. He knows, too, that though he has yielded to his English friend's plea for a show of sporting magnanimity, the emotional intimacy he had desperately hoped to find in the friendship is utterly impossible. East and West do not speak the same language and their minds can make no fruitful contact.

On its own merits, then, this is an exciting play, quite apart from its merits as a sensitive and faithful rendering of the novel, and the crucial scene of the picnic in the Marabar Hills is particularly successful. It is imaginatively directed by Mr. Frank Hauser (who has immensely improved on his original production at the Oxford Playhouse), and it is extremely well acted. By Miss Dilys Hamlett as the hysteric who has the cold courage to withdraw her blind accusation in the teeth of the horrified Anglo-Indian community, by Mr. Zia Mohyeddin as the luckless Dr. Aziz, by Mr. Norman Wooland as the broad-minded Fielding and by Miss Enid Lorimer as the old lady shaken out of her Western spiritual complacency by a frightening echo in the Marabar caves which seems to assert with all the authority of India behind it that love and hate and good and evil are all one. In form and substance *A Passage To India* is a play that deserves to draw the general playgoing public.



Aerostatics plus dramatics

WITH HUMILITY AND MORTIFICATION, I have to confess I know nothing at all about the science of aerostatics and, even after sitting through Mr. Charles Frend's extremely well-

made film, I have no idea what a **Cone Of Silence** is—except that it is something a good jet-airliner pilot should be able to locate at will.

Mr. Bernard Lee is a good jet-airliner pilot who flies strictly by the book of rules provided by his employers and is a wizard at the cone-of-silence-hunting game. All the same, a Phoenix aircraft he was piloting crashed on take-off and a Court of Inquiry finds him guilty of "Pilot Error"—mainly because the airline company and the plane's grim-faced designer (Mr. Noel Willman) refuse to admit that the accident might have been caused by some miscalculation on *their* part.

Miss Elizabeth Seal, as Mr. Lee's daughter, maintains that her father is blameless—and Mr. Michael Craig, the company's training officer, has sufficient confidence in him to pass him for further flying duty. Mr. Lee justifies this confidence by bringing his plane (in the film's most gripping scene) through a freak hailstorm which breaks what I, in my ignorance, can only call the windscreen—but on his next flight, at the scene of his previous mishap, he again crashes: this time the plane explodes and everybody aboard is killed.

Another Court of Inquiry, again presided over by Mr. George Sanders at his sneeriest, confirms the verdict of the first and holds the dead pilot responsible. The orphaned Miss Seal is bitterly distressed and Mr. Craig, who has learned to love her, begins to wonder: is it possible that there's an error in the sacred book of rules? By Jove, d'you know, it *is*—and Mr. Willman recognizes this in the nick of time to avert a third crash.

Mr. Cushing is good and nasty as a thin-lipped route checker and Mr. Charles Tingwell is endearing as an enthusiastic "Aussie" pilot—and an air of immense efficiency prevails throughout the entire film. I still don't think it's likely to encourage jet air-travelling: I'd rather take a slow boat to China, if you don't mind.

The only reason it was safe to choose a title like **Wake Me When It's Over** is that the film is so infernally noisy, you couldn't possibly fall asleep for even one of its 126 minutes. The film is one long bellow from start to finish—with Mr. Ernie Kovacs emitting from a Mammoth-Cave-of-Kentucky mouth (situated in a face described as "like a catcher's mitt") sounds beside which the screams of jet-planes are as celestial music.

An amiable hotelier, Mr. Dick Shawn, is, by some odd mistake, re-drafted into the U.S. Air Force and shipped off to Shima, a small island near Japan. Here he finds 100 or so other unfortunates, under



FOUR SCENES from *Cone Of Silence*. From top: Captain Gort (Bernard Lee) fights the hailstorm in his shattered cockpit; Captain Judd (Peter Cushing) confronts Gort with the evidence of a dangerous take-off; Gort broods over a model of his machine; and Captain Hugh Dallas (Michael Craig) offers to escort Gort's daughter (Elizabeth Seal)

the cacophonous command of Mr. Kovacs, all bored to dementia through having nothing to do.

Inspired by the discovery of some decorative hot springs on the island, Mr. Shawn suggests it would be a good thing for the men (and improve relations with the somewhat hostile natives) if they built a luxury hotel at this beauty spot and made themselves some money. The garrison doctor, Mr. Jack Warden, agrees: "Money," he says, "is very therapeutic."

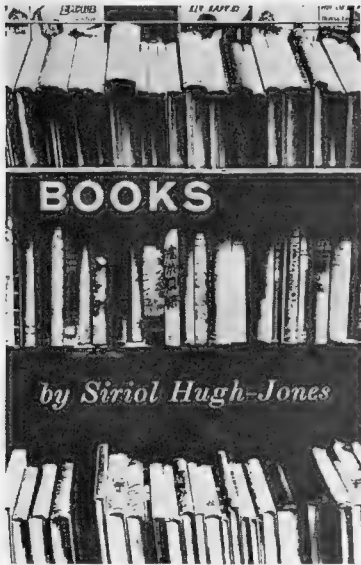
The hotel is duly built—of government property, natch—a prim but pretty female lieutenant (Miss Margo Moore, a veritable ice-maiden) is imported to supply the feminine touch and a spot of love interest, and 40 exquisite little geisha-like girls are "bought" from their parents (according to local custom) to serve as hostesses—while Air Force personnel are rigged out as bell-boys, cocktail stewards and what have you.

Thanks to publicity given by a revolting journalist (Mr. Robert Emhart), who has been tricked, by distinctly tasteless means, into believing the hot spring water increases virility, the hotel is inundated with guests—their tongues hanging out for a taste of renewed youth. News of the flourishing enterprise reaches the outraged ear of Washington. Bigwigs fly to Shima and Mr. Shawn is arraigned before a court martial, charged with misappropriating half a million dollars-worth of government supplies and (Democracy reels) owning two-score native girls.

Don't worry (as if you would!). By the end (it's a long time coming) he is a national hero. Despite some felicitous dialogue, I found the whole thing brashly preposterous—though I dutifully report that the two young persons who saw it with me thoroughly enjoyed it, bless their schoolboy hearts.

If you are well up on mergers, take-over bids, company law and practice (and malpractice), **Cash McCall** may interest you—though I doubt it. Elderly businessman Mr. Dean Jagger sells a factory worth one and a half million dollars to handsome, rich Mr. James Garner for two million—and is unaccountably incensed when he sells it to somebody else for three. How boring can Big Business get?

In **Beyond The Curtain**, Miss Eva Bartok, as an airline hostess, is aboard a plane which is forced down in East Germany. This is unfortunate for her: since she was born there, the authorities refuse to let her leave. If it were not for Mr. Richard Greene—good old Robin Hood to the rescue—and charming Miss Andrée Melly, a useful ally, she might still be enjoying the privileges of an organized society. And, "in an organized society *everything* is a privilege," a solemn Communist tellingly reminds us.



Betsy and Boney at the Briars

ALL RIGHT, I ADMIT IT. IT'S UN-fashionable but Napoleon is my hero with all the trimmings, the imperial eagles and the bees, the pale young face forever facing into the hurricane and the torn banners, the ceremonial daemonic portraits and the faithful veterans dying in the snow. Ever since reading that brilliant and wickedly hero-punishing book by Jean Savant, *Napoleon in his Time*, I know I should face the fact that my man of destiny has shrunk to a fat little fellow who used too much eau-de-Cologne, had the ill-breeding to talk business at dinner, and was a martyr to various embarrassing ailments. No matter; I am never wholly persuaded, and yet another Napoleon book always puts me in a fever of painful anticipation.

Ralph Korngold's *The Last Years of Napoleon* makes use of the Bertrand Diaries, and takes the story from the return from Elba to the last appalling illness and death on St. Helena. It is a sympathetic, human,

well-balanced and detailed account of the whole last, lingering, muddled, ignominious, caged defeat. There are the brighter interludes—the games of whist for sugar plums with my favourite and most improbable 13-year-old in non-fiction, Miss Betsy Balcombe of The Briars—but mostly it is a steadily darkening story of outrage and distrust, petty squabbles and violent jealousies within his own entourage, sad little rides—until this also became too much—to the top of Diana's Peak, a melancholy lost landscape for a shabby tiger, a sad sick man in a cocked hat and a green coat. Just after the disastrous return from Russia he attended the Opéra Comique, where Columbine sang, to a deadly silent house:

"Ah, you were what you are no more,

You were not what you are today,
And you had then a conquering way,
Had then a way you have no more. . . ."

I don't care if he was a tyrant and gobbled his meals and lost his figure: it makes me cry.

I have also been reading *Emma Hamilton & Sir William*, by Oliver Warner, a level-voiced, unfeverish book (the subject so often causes frenzy) which uses some letters and papers which have not hitherto been published and does a great deal to correct the traditional picture of Sir William as a cuckolded dullard (he was devoted to Nelson, and left him a pair of guns and a portrait of Emma in his will). The first Lady Hamilton also emerges as a full-sized personality, who played the harpsichord to the young Mozart and arranged her piano to face Vesuvius—a volcano dearly loved by Sir William.

Briefly . . . *The Art of Ruth Draper*, with a Memoir by Morton Dauwen Zabel, is a collection of her thirty-five monologues, and though they are of obvious interest for the record, they do oddly little to recreate the magic she made, and which was so extraordinary that one

disbelieved it until the next time. . . . *The Daughters of Necessity*, by Peter Feibleman, filled me with admiration and rage. The plot seemed to me a confusion—why in fact did the hero so abruptly marry two totally dissimilar wives and why did they both have to die equally abruptly?—the writing is sometimes tricky in the extreme, and where others may be able actively to enjoy great jumps in time all printed in italics, they drive me into desperate terms. All the same, this writer cares about his characters with enormous intensity, and in the end (though I feel this is far too long arriving) it is hard to resist. . . . Gil Buhet's *Mamizelle Bon Voyage* is about the trials of a little nurse in France in 1944 (she is drawn on the jacket, looking calm

and unbuttoned and holding a lip-stick at the ready). Maybe it has a deeper significance that I missed, but on one level at least the book seemed to be a simple catalogue of rape, rape, rape all summer long. . . . *For Your Eyes Only* is, as if you didn't know, The New James Bond or The New Ian Fleming, whichever way you care to look at it. Short stories this time, some of them curiously Michael Arlenish with savage trimmings, some jolly travel-stuff. Not so much euphoric wining and dining as usual because of shortage of space, hints of a deep disenchantment in Bond, and the usual good ration of cool but passionate grey-eyed girls with long pale gold hair (one, hurray, a wild female Robin Hood tiptoeing lethally through the forests in Vermont).



A clarinet in Rampart Street

LISTENING TO TYPICAL "SOUTHERN" clarinet music by Edmond Hall I find it hard to believe that he was an active contributor to one of the

first bop sessions ever made, in 1944. His normal role—a superb one—is that of a New Orleans jazzman, and it takes him swinging gaily into *Rumpus on Rampart Street* (35/050). Hall is best known for his work with Armstrong's All-Stars, with whom he made two tours of Britain (1956 and 1959). On five tracks of this album he is joined by his younger brother Herbert and the famous Omer Simeon, both clarinetists of the same style.

Another Top Rank release which features good clarinet playing is *Ragtime* (JKP2040), in which you can hear Buster Bailey giving tongue against the background of Eubie Blake's exuberant piano. Mr. Blake came out of retirement, aged 75, to record this. There is too much phoney ragtime played today, and too many hurdy-gurdy piano sounds artificially reproduced, for anyone to realize that this music was the backbone of jazz between 1900 and 1920. You don't *have* to take it seriously, but I do.

Two rather nebulous West Coast sessions come from Top Rank; the

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first, *Vibes to the power of three* (30/007) features no less than three vibraphone players, Messrs. Gibbs, Feldman and Bunker. I derive little pleasure from trying to decipher who plays which of the interminable choruses. The second is an untidy quintet, led by ex-Kentonite Frank Rosolino on trombone, with Kamuca's tenor providing light relief. Cynical apprehension seems to be the only motive behind the juxtaposition of two of the titles: *Fallout* and *How long has this being going on!* The same label offers *Gershwin in brass* and *Tutti's trumpets*, two disastrous albums which neither mean nor say anything through a welter of horns and strings.

It is amusing to compare and contrast the saxophone sounds of two popular players, tenorist Sonny Rollins (LAC12213) and altoist Earl Bostic (PMC1115). Rollins is an uncompromising modernist, a style-setter and an experimenter, a potential poll-winner in the eyes of serious jazz enthusiasts. In this context you can hear him with some

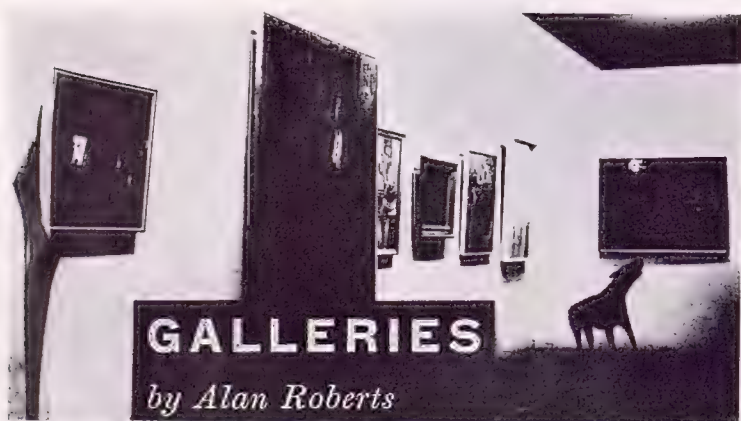
of the better West Coast jazzmen as accompanists.

Bostic, on the other hand, is a much older and more experienced man, who has achieved remarkable popularity with his rhythm-and-blues recordings; his wide-open extrovert style carries him as near to rock 'n' roll as anything I would choose to hear, his accompaniment is dreary, but I rejoice in the fact that he gets up and blows without repression. I doubt whether he would ever come near the top of a poll, and his name would certainly be frowned upon in many jazz circles, if only as an exhibitionist.

This week the ladies close the batting order. Eartha Kitt turns in a smart cabaret-styled showing (SAH-R6058), not as fabulous as her promoters would have us think. Then Donna Hightower asks *Gee baby, ain't I good to you?* (ST1273). In her rather high pitched bluesy voice, tinged with a Brooklyn accent, she sounds good to me. Dakota Stanton, who has taken the late-night scene by storm in America, fails to make the most of *More than the most* (ST1325), which is a pity.



SELF-PORTRAIT OF PICASSO as *Harlequin*, at the *Lapin Agile* in Montmartre, is one of a series of fine-art reproductions published this month by the Soho Gallery at £2 7s. Picasso, who painted the picture in 1905, presented it to *Frédé*, the restaurant's owner, seen playing a guitar in the background. A Picasso Exhibition is being held at the Tate Gallery, 6 July—28 September



Tiepolo travels well

WHEN GIAMBATTISTA TIEPOLO DIED in Spain in 1770 the Venetian School of painting came to an end. But it had come to an end in an appropriate blaze of glory for, in spite of his 76 years, the greatest master of Rococo decoration had just completed the two magnificent ceilings in the Royal Palace at Madrid.

Because nearly all his major works are *in situ* in Italy, Spain and Bavaria, and because few even of his easel pictures are in this country, we tend to underestimate his importance and his powers. Perhaps the exhibition at the Victoria & Albert Museum will do only a little to redress this wrong, yet the contribution that these 303 drawings make towards a fuller understanding of Tiepolo's work is considerable.

Many of them are little more than shorthand notes in which the artist can be sensed coaxing out of his imagination the ideas for the great historical and allegorical frescoes. Others show him lingering lightly over decorative details. A third category is comprised of sketches made on those rare occasions when he looked at the everyday life around him and caught, with an astonishingly modern economy of line, a doddering old official or a laughing child.

Hung in chronological order the drawings trace clearly the changes of style between 1725, when he was decorating a private palace in Venice, and 1762 when, designing the ceiling of the Spanish Throne Room, he wrote:

"Now I have completed the

sketch for the great work which is so enormous, just think of it, that it is 100 feet long. However, I hope that the whole conception will prove well-suited and fitting to that great monarchy; a great undertaking certainly, but for such works one needs courage."

The whole of this fantastic collection of drawings was bought by the museum in 1885 for £11.

There is a curious story that after Tiepolo went to Spain in 1762 his wife gambled away, in a single evening, his country villa and all his sketches. Fortunately the artist's artist son, Domenico, returned from Spain in time to save the villa, but the creditor took possession of "a bundle of sketches" among which, there is fairly good reason to believe, were those now waiting for you to see.

Of the three "social realists" who were the involuntary leaders of the "kitchen-sink" school a few years ago, only John Bratby is still working in a manner even remotely resembling either social realism or kitchen-sink. Jack Smith has for some time been exploring a private world of light-abstractions while Edward Middleditch, although still a representational painter, has escaped to the even more rarified atmosphere of lyrical and romantic nature painting.

Entering his exhibition at the Beaux Arts one feels as Alice might have felt if, after drinking from the bottle marked "Drink Me," she had been transplanted to a hothouse at Kew. For again, as in his show at

the same gallery two years ago, many of the pictures seem to have been prompted by a desire to compete with the big close-ups in one of those gloriously coloured nature films in which the growth of a flower or the bursting of a blossom is miraculously speeded up.

There is, too, a repetitious concern with raindrops falling into pools that smacks of chinoiserie. And twigs of fruit blossom, single flowers, drifts of snow, tufts of grass all seem to have been lifted from silk or lacquered screens and "blown up" to grotesque proportions.

It is a pity for, working on a more rational scale Middleditch, with his firm draughtsmanship and highly personal sense of colour and design, would seem to be a Franz Marc of the plant world, exploring the souls of flowers, trying to see them as they might see themselves. But who wants the soul of a flower 8 ft. high?

Luc Marie Bayle is a Commandant in the French Navy whose service has provided opportunities for him to paint all over the world—Antarctica, China, U.S.A., Tahiti and the Marquesas—but his show at Debenham's (part of the French Fortnight) is of watercolours made recently in Paris and Normandy.

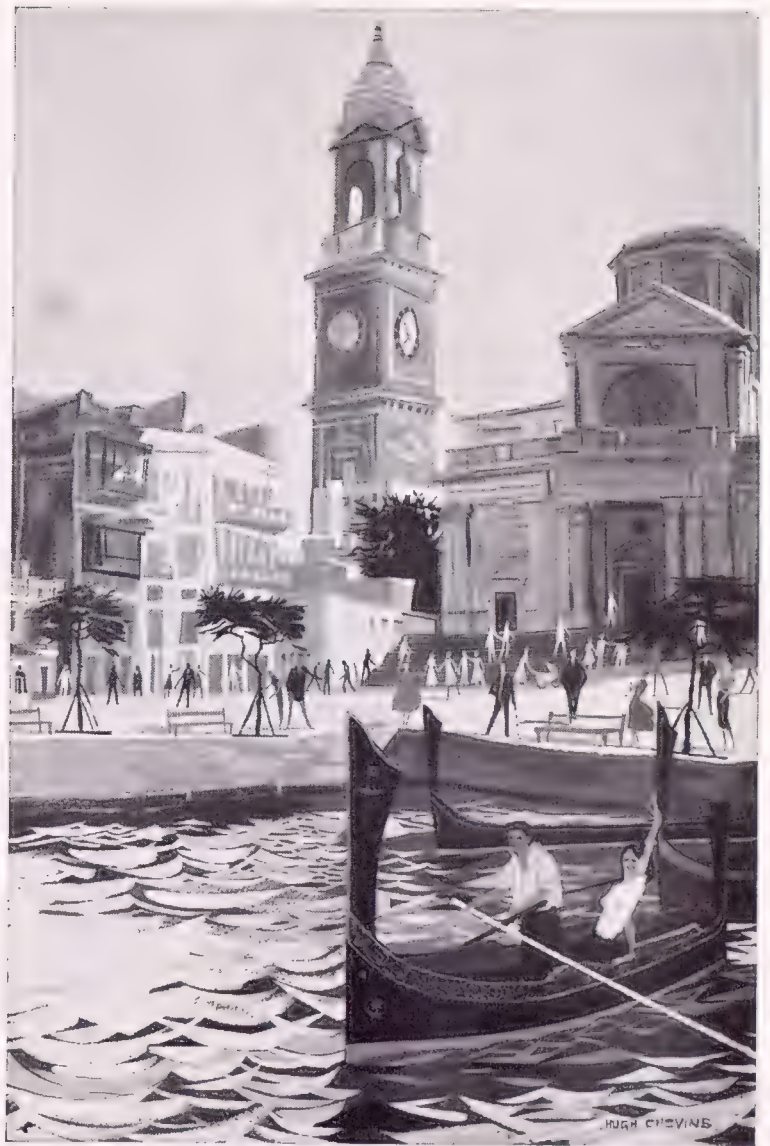
They show him to be a facile draughtsman in the manner of Dufy, to whom he acknowledges his debt, but there the resemblance ends. Unlike Dufy, M. Bayle has a sensitive feeling for colour and tone values that is strictly naturalistic.

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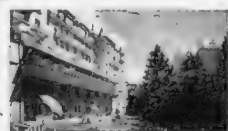


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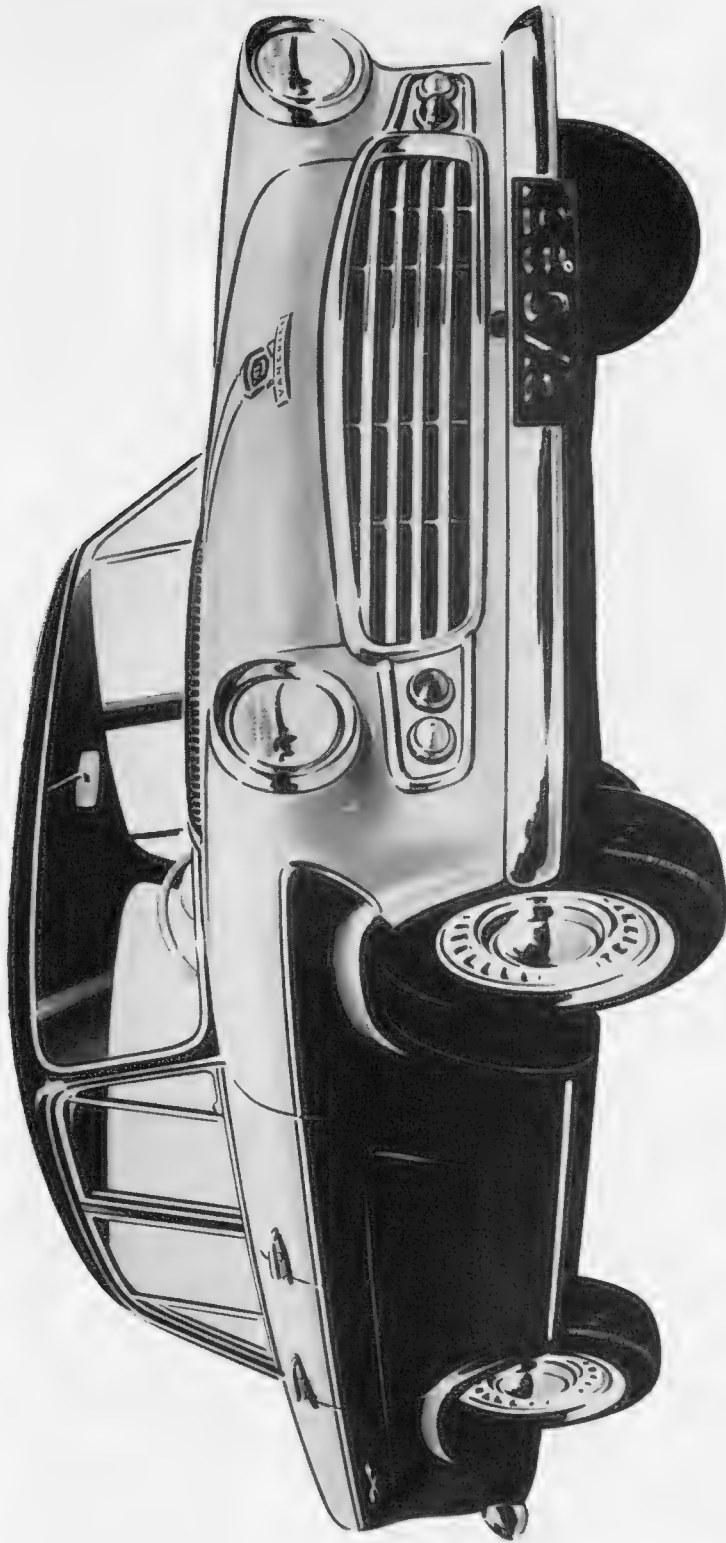
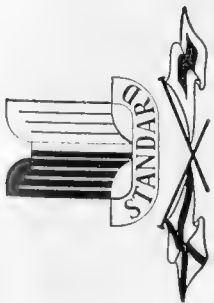
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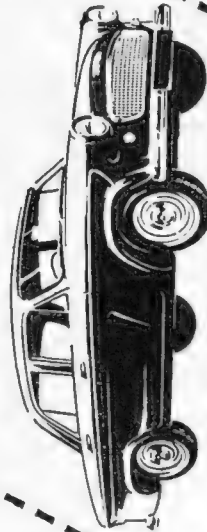


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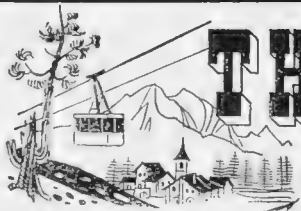
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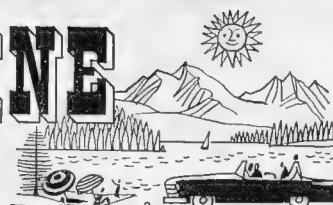
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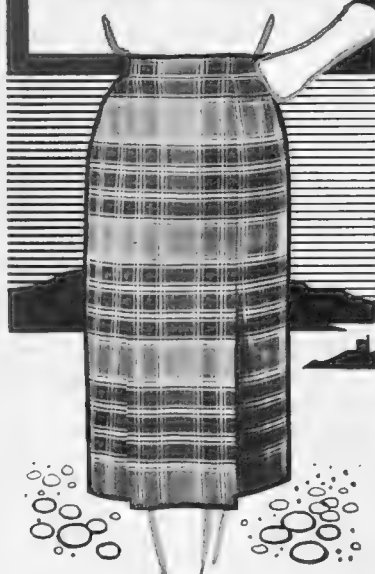
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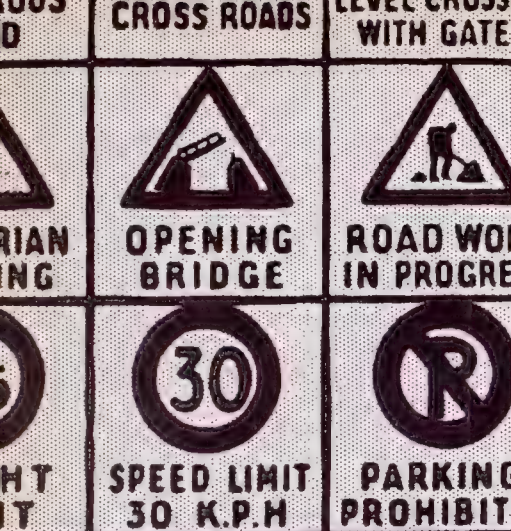
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MOTORING *by Gordon Wilkins*

The price of double-think

THE ONLY THING THAT SURPRISES me about the holiday road casualties is the fact that there were not more of them. We alone of all the great industrial nations have refused to make any provision for increasing road traffic, until our drivers have to face more hazards per mile than any others in the world.

So far, the government has gambled with fair success on the amazing patience and caution of the British driver, which so staggers foreign observers. He has responded

so nobly that although he has to drive in the most dangerous conditions in the world, our hard-headed, unsentimental insurance men charge him the world's lowest insurance premiums. But it could not last indefinitely and it is impossible to avoid bitterness as one thinks of the friends and acquaintances who have been killed on Britain's roads in the past few years. The price of half a century of neglect is heavy and is often paid by the innocent.

One of the Easter Week casualties within my own knowledge involved nothing more serious than a burst tyre. It caused a momentary swerve which in itself should be of no great consequence, but in the nose to tail driving on Britain's narrow roads, such incidents are fatal. The car crashed head on into another driven by a woman. She was a skilful, careful driver in a well maintained car. But she died, and her passengers went to hospital.

What can be done? Well, consider this fact. We have in this country one modern road. It is an insignificant little thing.

However, it can be used for part of the journey between London and the Midlands and the effect has been staggering. In the first three months, casualties to travellers on these routes were cut by 26 per cent and it is reported that over

Easter, road casualties in Bedfordshire, through which it runs, were cut to about half last year's. Now this is more than anything which will be achieved by the new Road Traffic Bill (which looks rather like a scheme for raising more money by intensifying punishments for minor technical offences), or by agitators who see the road safety problem solely in terms of an all-out war against drivers.

Fundamentally it is all so simple. Three months' vehicle taxes would solve London's traffic problems and render many of the casualty wards redundant, but the road construction in hand at the moment is largely make-do-and-mend and the total cost of all schemes now in progress will be recovered from vehicle taxes in the next three weeks.

While waiting for inspiration, Mr. Marples has been filling in with some old gags like the one about the sinister change which is supposed to come over a normal human being when he sits behind a steering wheel. But that is nothing to the change that comes over a normal business man when he becomes Minister of Transport.

Recently Mr. Marples delivered himself of this gem.

"I cannot see why the taxpayer should subsidize a man who parks his car off the street any more than

he should subsidize someone who stores a grand piano."

Thus demonstrating that when it comes to the higher forms of double-think, the Communists are clumsy beginners compared with our sturdy democrats.

It took about 30 years of misappropriation before the burial service was finally read over the Road Fund, but things move faster now. The solemn promises that the revenue from parking meters would be used to provide off-street parking space didn't last 30 weeks. Like the Road Fund, the booty is being swallowed up in expenses and general revenue to pay for those other government schemes which are always so much more urgent than saving life on the roads.

We expect to pay the government 10s. or £1 every time we stop for petrol, and we know we shall soon be paying a shilling or two every time we stop anywhere else. We know that political promises are made to be broken and we await the new tax to pay for the off-street garages which the parking meters aren't going to pay for.

So please, Mr. Marples, forget about the money and get on with such humble constructive works as the Treasury will permit you. At the present rate of vehicle taxation we should be able to pay for them all in a few days.

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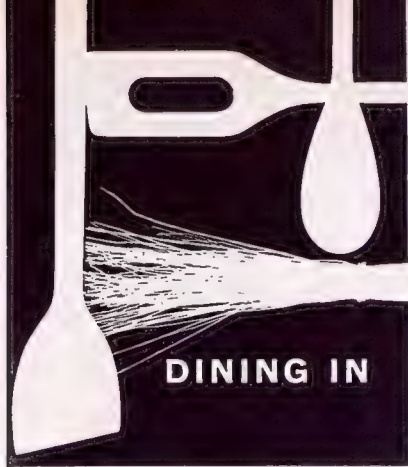
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DINING IN

by HELEN BURKE

Winner from Denmark

A NEW SWEET THAT IS WELL WORTH making has come my way via a new (to me) liqueur. This is *Bestle Solbaerrom*—a Danish blackcurrant liqueur fortified with rum. It is delicious in itself, either "straight" or as a long drink with soda, but it can also be used in various dishes.

When it was introduced recently at Fortnum's, Mr. Wennberg, the head *patissier* of the Hotel Angleterre in Copenhagen, flew here specially to launch it. He made a number of different dishes containing the liqueur, the most remarkable of which, for me, was *Crêpes Maison Bestle*, made from a rich pancake batter. The following quantities are for 10 to 12 servings, but you can halve or even quarter them.

Sift $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. plain flour into a large enough bowl. Gradually, mix in 8 eggs, beating them well. Next, stir in 7 oz. boiling hot butter. Add 1 pint 6 fluid oz. single cream, the grated rind (yellow only) of a lemon, almost 1 oz. granulated sugar and a pinch of salt.

Have ready two small frying-pans, brushed with a little clarified butter and made hot. Pour a little

the batter into each to make extremely thin pancakes. Turn in the usual way to brown both sides lightly. Place a small portion of finely chopped stoneless raisins, previously soaked for 24 hours in a little *Solbaerrom*, in the centre of each pancake and fold it into four. Put the pancakes into a heated serving-dish.

Meanwhile, melt 3 oz. butter (without browning it) in a smallish pan. Add the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and 5 fluid oz. *Solbaerrom*. Bring to the boil, pour over the pancakes and serve them at once. You'll find them wonderful for a party.

Having bought the *Solbaerrom* (19/- $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle and 10/6d. $\frac{1}{4}$ bottle), you may like to try another sweet, *Mousse au Crème de Cassis*, which, being served cold, can be made well in advance, unlike the pancakes.

Bring to the boil just under 1 oz. caster sugar and 2 fluid oz. liqueur. Have ready 6 beaten egg yolks. Gradually stir the hot liquid into them and beat until light and creamy. (An electric mixer is ideal

for this.) Now add a further $3\frac{1}{2}$ fluid oz. of the liqueur, 6 leaves of gelatine (melted), a drop or two of red culinary colouring, 7 oz. whipped double cream and, lastly, 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into 8 suitable glasses and chill for a little. On the top of each group a few pieces of skinned blanched pistachios.

And now from sweets to a savoury dish. For many years now, Romano's chicken in aspic has been a standby of mine. It is an excellent dish and so easy to prepare.

Start with a halved calf's foot, well washed and soaked in cold water. Drain, place in a pan with cold water to cover it well, slowly bring to the boil and boil for 5 minutes. Pour off the water, wash the foot, again cover with cold water and bring to the boil. Cover and simmer very gently for 3 to 4 hours. Now add a nice-sized roasting chicken, an onion, including its skin (for the sake of colour), a carrot, a *bouquet garni* and freshly milled pepper and salt to taste. Cover and poach very gently for 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours or until the legs move easily away from the body.

To test the setting quality of the strained stock put a tablespoon in a saucer and then into the refrigerator. It should set. Remove the chicken and calf's foot and strain the stock. Clear it by whisking an egg white or two in it, bring it to the boil and season further, if required. After 5 minutes, repeat this operation, then pour the hot stock through a double thickness of muslin into a basin. Remove all fat, and add a tablespoon of sherry.

Remove the skin from the chicken then cut the bird into fair-sized pieces and take out the bones. Place the pieces in the centre of a shallow entrée dish and pour enough of the stock (now aspic) over them to make a thin layer. Garnish with skinned tiny whole tomatoes, groups of cooked peas and little "bundles" of cooked (or canned) asparagus tips. Add further stock (aspic) to hold, but not "float," them. Finally, dip tarragon leaves in the aspic and place them on the pieces of chicken, then pour on enough aspic barely to cover.



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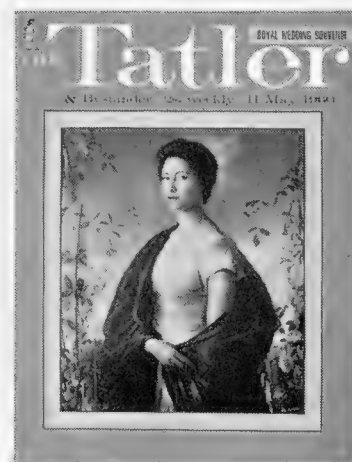
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(Continued from previous page)

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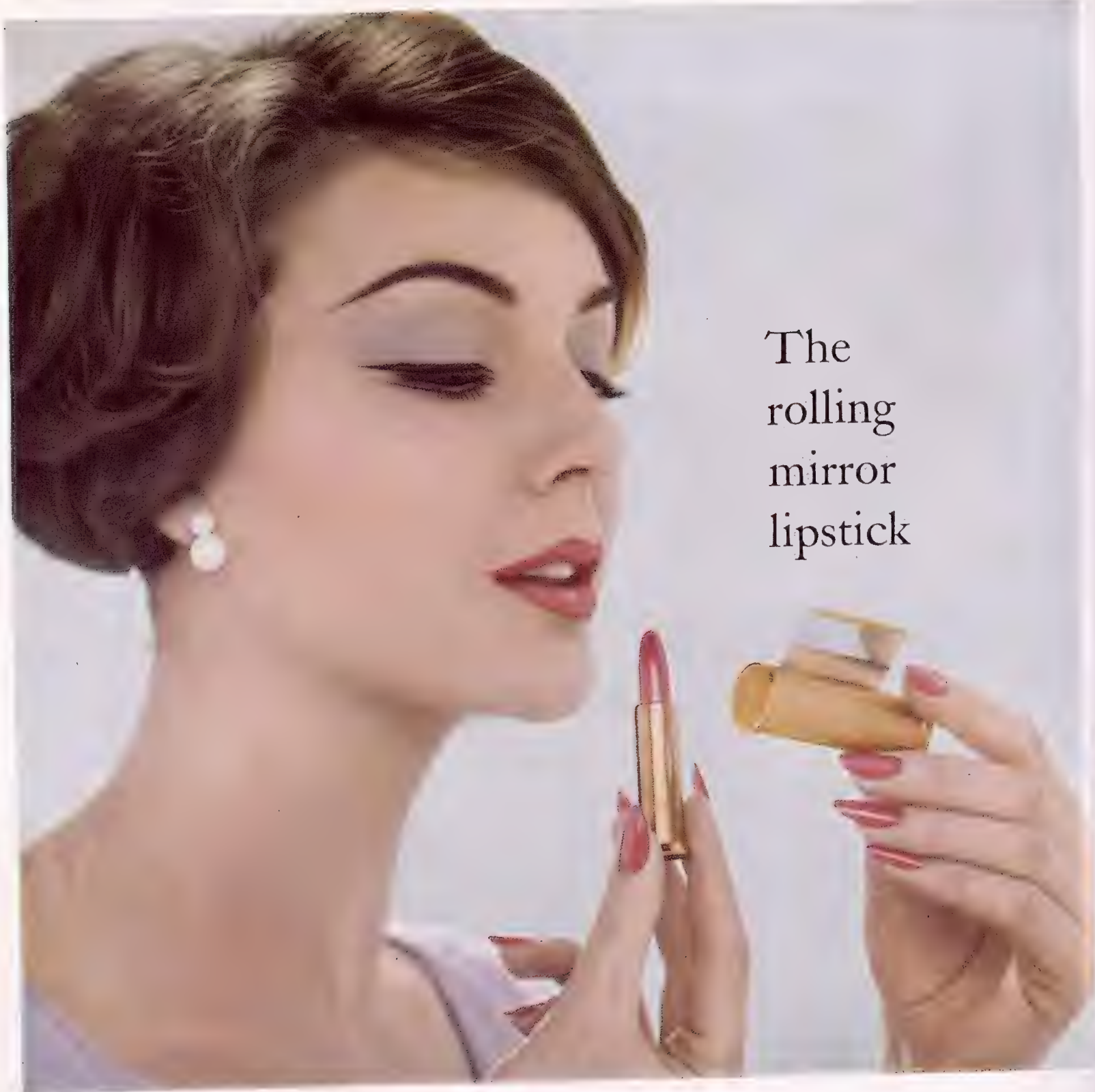
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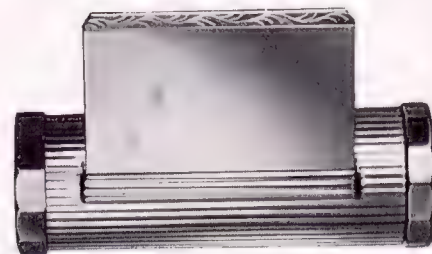


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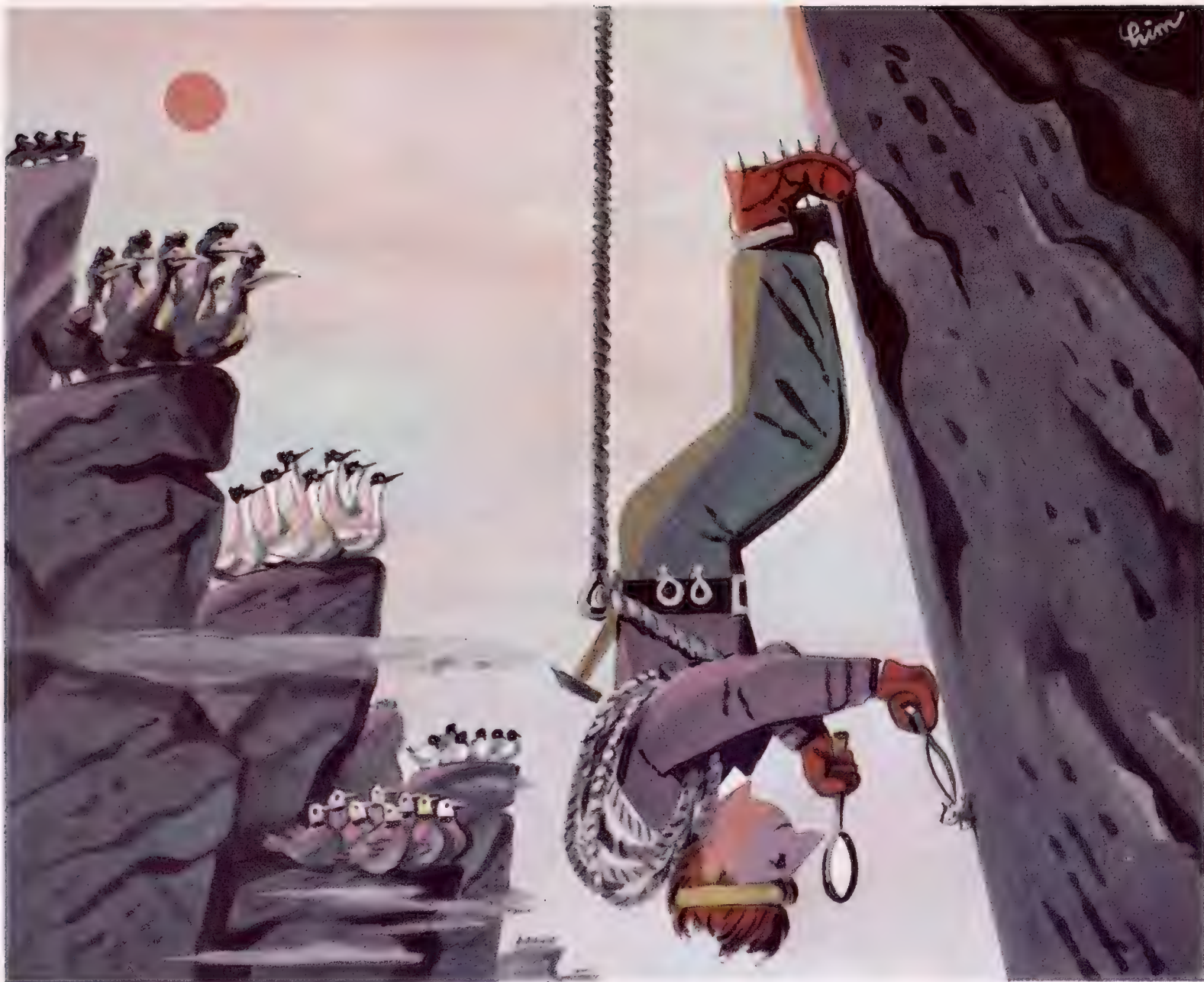
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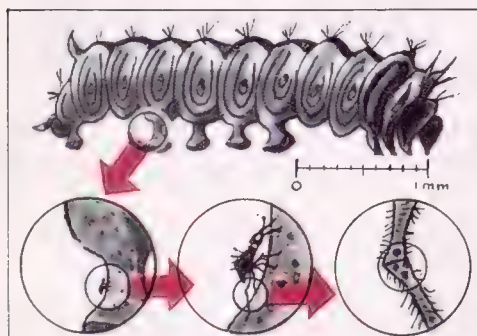
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Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



Notice the spotting effect typical of the "spot effect" of the spot, in the "granulated sugar" or unproductive phase. These spots, of no distinctive colour, are not concentric round any one point, and their edges are "only very slightly raised" (Kipps and Kermody).

No. 3 ECOLOGY WATCHING. It is a mistake to believe that naturalists do not like Nature, or appreciate the general scene. On the contrary general-scene study is part of the recognition of the plant-animal network, the factual evidence of the cross-relations between sub-soil and super-soil, the fauna of flora, and the counterbalance of interdependent ecological aggregates into one symbiotically definable affinity i.e. there is a link.

In this typical cliff-head community or "nasty drop" situation (seen here in the Outer Schwebrides) the naturalist realises from the typical bird-weed arrangement that what he is actually looking at will actually in fact be there. Except for the four birds simply standing on top (a-typical and not in fact supposed to be there), each species is definitely related to its niche; and just when we start unconsciously looking out for one of the trumpet noses there it is—a pigeon-breasted gullbeak, rare visitor from Nova Schwemlya, obviously very near the end of its range. All this is precisely where one would expect to find what in fact the Watcher is now watching: evidence of "baws" or joint rot on the false knee of the parasite which infests the fourth segment of the caterpillar of the Tingle Fern.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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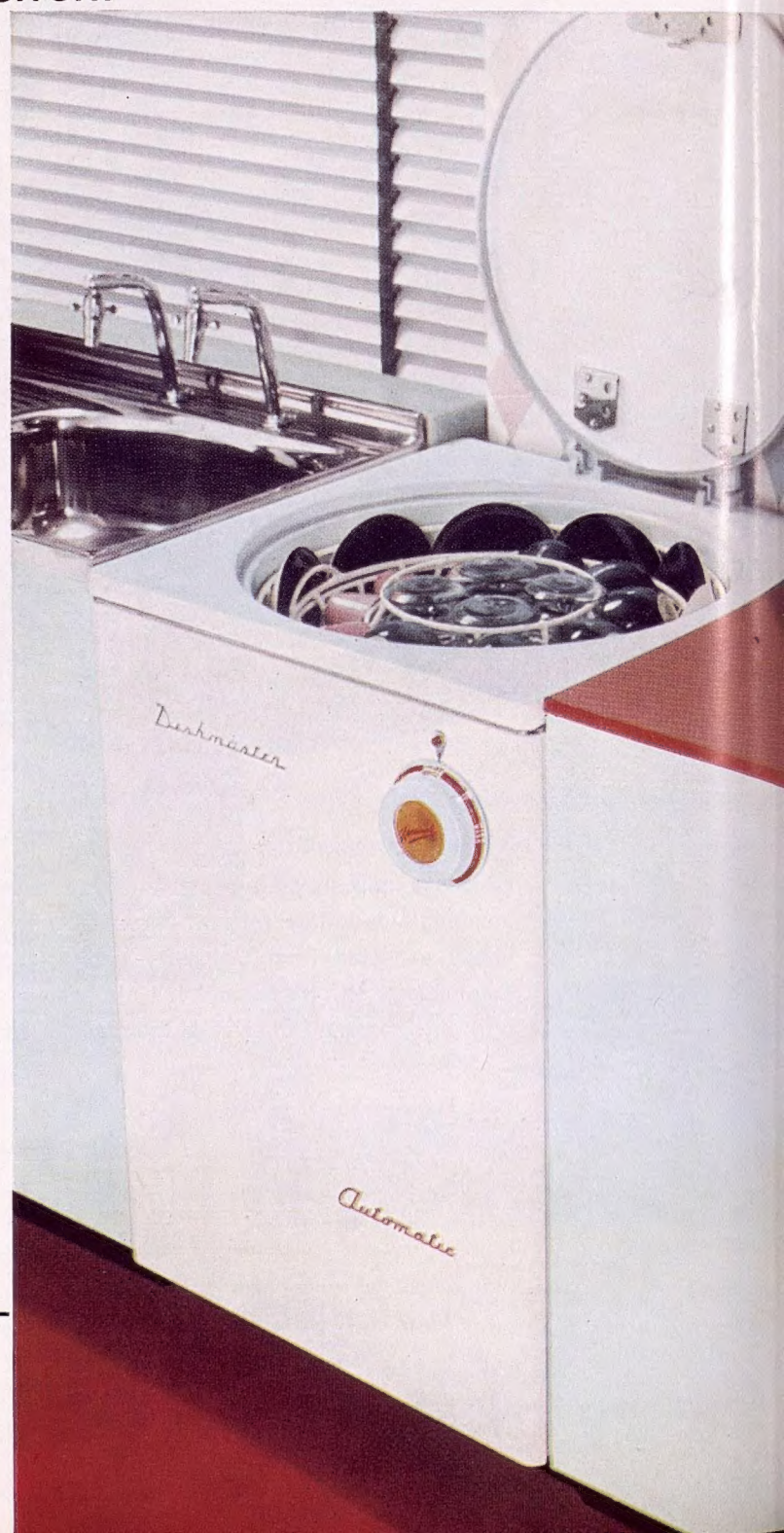
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